

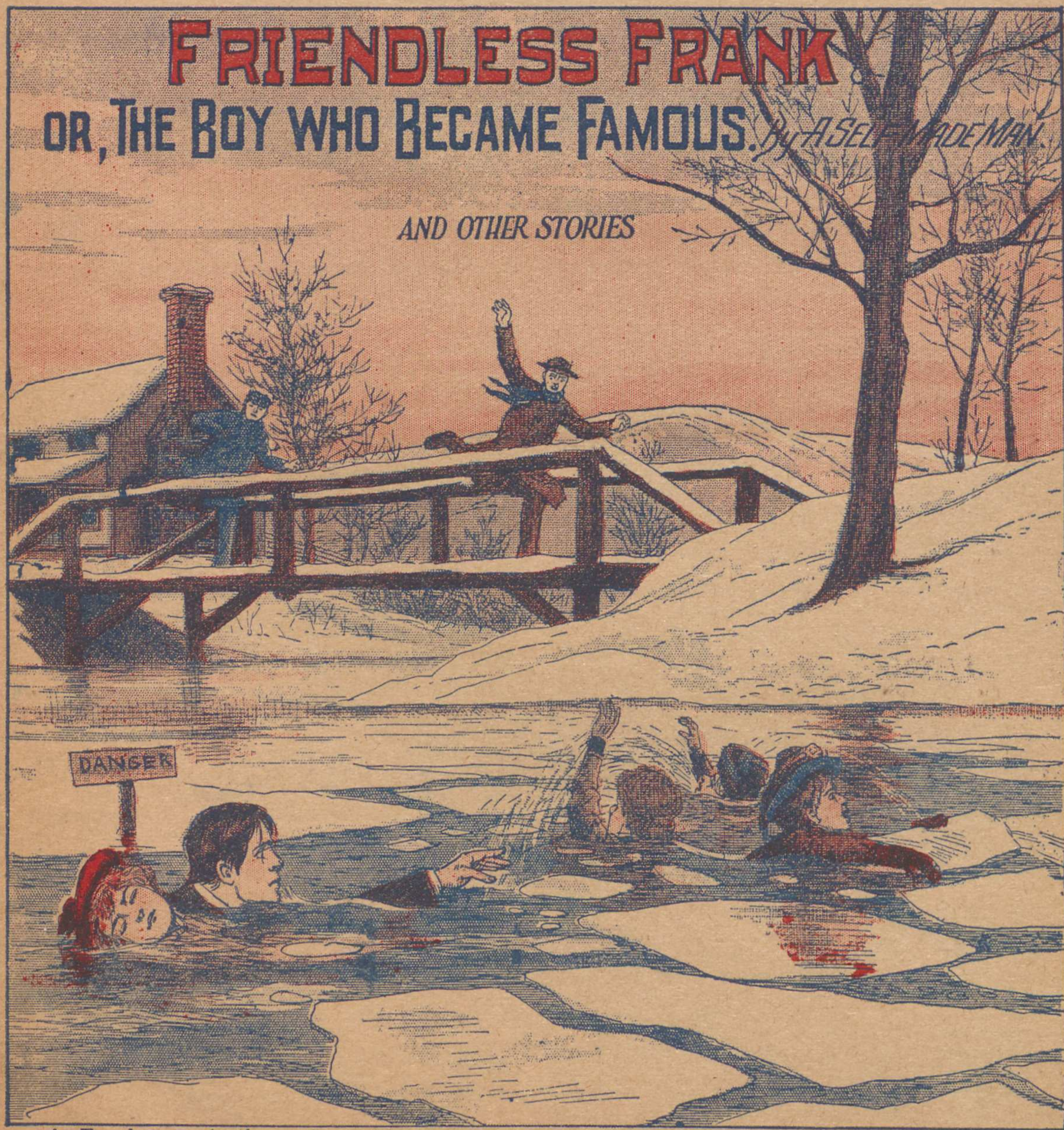
# FAME AND FORTUNE

## WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

**FRIENDLESS FRANK**  
OR, THE BOY WHO BECAME FAMOUS. *By A SELF-MADE MAN.*

AND OTHER STORIES



As Frank came to the surface with the unconscious girl in his arms a succession of shrill screams struck upon his ears. Flora's companions, in their anxiety for her safety, had ventured too far on the treacherous ice and had broken through.



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# FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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## FRIENDLESS FRANK

OR, THE BOY WHO BECAME FAMOUS

By A SELF-MADE MAN

### CHAPTER I.—Which Introduces Friendless Frank.

Nature's mantle of snow lay thickly upon the only street that the little village of Shadowbrook could boast of, and upon the surrounding landscape as well. The air was full of flying flakes, swept hither and thither by the chill evening wind that souged through the leafless trees, standing like grim sentries on either side of the thoroughfare which divided Shadowbrook in two unequal parts. It was not a cheerful night to be abroad, in, and the deserted aspect of the little village showed that the people were hugging the shelter of their firesides. Through the gathering dusk a lonesome-looking boy, neatly, but poorly, clad, was wearily plodding along the county road that led into the village street. Presently from behind him came the jingling sound of sleighbells, mingled with youthful chattering and laughter, and out of the gloom burst a team of spanking bays drawing a large and handsome sled filled with happy and warmly-clad girls and boys.

The lonely lad drew aside to let the sled pass, but his foot catching in some obstruction, he staggered and nearly fell on his face. The passengers on the sled noticed his predicament and laughed uproariously. This is, all but one—a lovely, red-cheeked miss, attired in a fur-trimmed, close-fitting jacket and natty fur cap, who sat on the elevated front seat with the driver, a handsomely-dressed, consequential-looking boy. This boy, thinking to frighten and confuse the solitary pedestrian, guided the sled toward him, and snapped the long lash of his whip about the young stranger's ears. No doubt he thought this very amusing, and probably most of the others did too. Generally there are two sides to a joke. In this case there was nothing funny in the driver's conduct to the boy in the snow; in fact, a very serious ending would have come to the incident but for the prompt action of the pretty girl in the fur cap.

She saw the lonely boy's foot had been caught and was held by something under the snow, and that he was in great peril of being run down by the sled.

"Turn out, quick, Herbert Leach!" she cried, springing up and reaching for the reins. "You'll be over the boy!"

"Ho!" chuckled Herbert. "Don't you believe it. Let the beggar get out of the road."

"He can't. Don't you see his leg is caught?"

Herbert laughed jeeringly and made no attempt to alter his course. The pretty miss, however, was equal to the emergency. Before the self-willed driver suspected her intention, she reached across, seized the off-rein and pulled so hard upon it that the horses turned sharply to one side and the sled missed the boy's leg by a very narrow margin, so narrow, in fact, that his hat was brushed off by the elbow of one of the girls as the vehicle swept by.

"What did you do that for, Flora?" exclaimed Herbert Leach, testily, as he recovered the rein and drove on.

"Because I didn't want you to run over the poor boy," replied the girl, with some spirit.

"Pooh! I wasn't going to run over him. I just wanted to give him a scare."

"You'd have run over him if I hadn't pulled on the rein," replied Flora, decisively. "His foot was caught by something under the snow and he couldn't get out of the way."

The sled was soon out of sight of the boy behind, who had started ahead again upon his toilsome journey. As he advanced well into the village the snow came down faster and faster until he resembled a walking snow figure. He took to the side path, where walking was a little easier, and looked eagerly to the right and to the left for some place where he thought he might seek shelter from the night and the growing snowstorm. At length he came abreast of a building that was evidently a general store. He mounted the porch and looked in at one of the windows.

"I'll have to put up here," he said to himself. "This seems to be the most likely place in the village. If they won't let me stop I don't know what I shall do. I can't walk any further, and it would be a pretty hard man who would thrust me out on a night like this."

Thus speaking, he shook the snow from his hat and garments as well as he could, opened the door and entered. There was nobody in the place but the storekeeper, who sat by the stove toasting his toes and reading the village paper, issued from the press that afternoon. He turned his head and regarded the boy, who he saw was a stranger to Shadowbrook, with no little curiosity.



"Well," he said, cheerfully, "what can I do for you, young man?"

"Can I get something to eat and stop here to-night?" asked the boy, respectfully. "I don't know where else to go."

"Hum!" replied the man, whose name was Cyrus Packard. "You look cold and tired. Come over to the stove and warm yourself."

The boy accepted the invitation with alacrity, and standing close to the stove put one red, wet shoe on the iron in front of the grate alternately.

"What's your name?" asked the storekeeper.

"Frank Fairfax. But, as I've had very few friends in my life, the boys in the places I came from nicknamed me 'Friendless Frank,' sir."

"You look as if you'd done some trampin' to-day," continued Mr. Packard.

"I have."

"Come from the next village, perhaps—I mean Parkersville?" said the storekeeper, inquiringly. "Or did you come from the opposite direction?" he added.

"I passed through Parkersville at two o'clock."

"Passed through Parkersville? Then you've come further than that?" said Mr. Packard, in some surprise, for he knew that the roads and the weather were not favorable for pedestrianism.

"Yes, sir. I left Bradstown this morning at six."

"You don't mean to say you've walked all the way from Bradstown to this place today?" exclaimed the storekeeper, not a little astonished.

"I did."

"Didn't any one give you a lift along the road?"

The boy shook his head.

"You look to be a stout, healthy boy, but how you ever had the grit to foot it from Bradstown to this village in the condition of the roads gets me. Evidently you have pluck and determination. Where are you bound for?"

No place in particular."

"No place in particular, eh? Are you out on the world on your own hook?"

"Yes, sir."

"No relatives or friends to call on?"

"No, sir."

"How old are you?"

"Seventeen."

"Well, I want a boy to tend store and do chores around the place. It seems to me you'd fill the bill all right. I'll give you eight dollars a month and your keep. What do you say?"

"I don't think I'd care to stay in a small place like this," said the lad. "I'm looking for something with a future. I'm willing to take the job for a while, say for three or four months, if you're willing to hire me that way. I won't say but I'd stay longer, but I don't want to guarantee that I will."

"All right," answered the storekeeper. "I'll hire you on those terms, provided you promise to give me reasonable notice of your intention to pull up stakes."

"I'll make that promise."

"And I believe you'll keep it," said Mr. Packard, in a tone of satisfaction. "You look like an honest and straight-forward lad."

"I hope I am, sir."

"I am satisfied that you are a worker, too, not that you'll be overworked in the store. I like to see a boy attend to his business right

up to the handle—show some energy and interest in his work. The last boy I had always went about his work as if he was tired. He tried my patience sorely. You'll find I'll treat you all right. You'll have time for recreation. I believe in that. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. I don't mean to give you any excuse to be dull. I am sure you're not that kind, anyway. You talk like a boy who has received a very fair education, and your manners I notice, are respectful and polite. My customers are sure to like you."

"You can depend that while I'm with you I'll do my best to suit you," said the boy, earnestly.

"I am satisfied you will. Now I must let Miss Packard know that you've come to supper and are going to stop with us regularly."

Thus speaking, Mr. Packard left the store, while Frank Fairfax eagerly awaited the summons to the supper table.

## CHAPTER II.—Frank Has Trouble With Herbert Leach.

Frank had accepted the job in the store chiefly because he was favorably impressed with Mr. Packard, and incidently because he found it hard to be thrown on his own resources during the wintry season. He had been born and brought up in New York City, where he had attended the public school—perhaps we should say schools, since he had picked his education up in many of them, for his parents were always on the move, it seemed to him. After his father's death he accompanied his mother to Rockdale Center, a small village in Sullivan County, where he was put to work with a small farmer. The farmer kept his nose to the grindstone, and did not treat him any too well, but his mother, whom he did not see often, needed the small wages he earned, and so, like a good son, he stuck it out. A few months before the opening of this story his mother died. Frank then began to consider the advisability of leaving his hard taskmaster. The farmer, suspecting his intentions, and not wishing to lose so faithful and industrious a worker, watched him closely, keeping back his pay on one excuse or another. Finally the boy's patience gave out. He told the farmer he was going to leave him and demanded his wages.

The agriculturist refused to ante up unless the boy promised to stay on the farm. Frank consulted the village lawyer, with the result that he got what was due him, and then he started out to walk to the nearest railroad town to take a train for Buffalo, where he had an idea he would be able to get work. He carried his money and other worldly possessions in an old grip, but this was taken from him by three tramps who had held him up on the highway, and so the boy found that if he expected to reach Buffalo he would have to tramp it as best he could.

And so for a week or over he had been making the best progress he could under the most adverse circumstances, but he was a lad of grit and stuck to his task for all he was worth.

The snowstorm, which had overtaken him after he left Parkersville, was rather a dampener to his spirits, and he was feeling pretty blue when



he saw the lights of Shadowbrook in the distance. By the time he reached the village he was pretty thoroughly fagged out, as well as a bit downhearted over the prospects for the morrow, consequently when he received the unexpected offer of a situation from Mr. Packard he eagerly accepted it. When Frank went in to supper and was introduced to Mrs. Packard he liked her fully as well as he did her husband. After the meal he returned to the store with Mr. Packard, who had been once or twice called out to wait on a customer, and the storekeeper proceeded to instruct the boy in the prices of the various goods he kept on sale, which were of the usual varied character to be met with in a country store.

While they were thus employed half a dozen of the villagers dropped in one by one and seated themselves around the stove. These were some of the patrons who had made it their nightly practice to gather at the store to swap stories, talk politics, drink cider and smoke pipes and cigars, and it would have taken more than an ordinary snowstorm to have kept these kindred spirits away. After Mr. Packard had drilled his new clerk for something like an hour he told the boy he could go to bed. Frank was glad to avail himself of this permission, and after Mrs. Packard had shown him to a small room he was to occupy, he got into bed as soon as he could, and was soon in the land of dreams.

He was called next morning at six, and lost no time in tumbling out. The storm had ceased, but the landscape far and near was whiter than ever, and the snow was pretty deep in places.

Mr. Packard provided him with a pair of stout boots and other things that he actually needed, charging them against his account. After attending to some chores for Mrs. Packard he helped open the store. The storekeeper was also the postmaster of the village, and after breakfast Frank was told to harness the horse to a light sleigh and go to Glendale, a town on the railroad about eight miles away, for the mail bag. He carried a bag with the outgoing mail with him, and returned in something over two hours. After that he accompanied the storekeeper on his round in the sleigh delivering such supplies as Mr. Packard had received orders for on the preceding day, and taking orders from the customers for next day's delivery. He made a careful note of the different houses at which he stopped, so as to remember them again and the people who lived there. At the same time he delivered any mail that had come that morning for these customers. After dinner Frank remained in the store to put up orders and wait on any customer who dropped in. About three o'clock Herbert Leach and a companion entered the store to post some letters for his father, who was a lawyer and justice of the peace. Herbert also wanted some cigarettes, and Mr. Packard kept a particular brand on hand for his special consumption. Herbert Leach considered himself the most important boy in the village, and his father the most important man next to Edward Montgomery, president of the Shadowbrook Bank.

He lived in a fine house, in what was considered the aristocratic section, and he wore the finest clothes of any boy in the place. Squire

Leach was considered to be nearly as well off in worldly goods as Mr. Montgomery, who was known as the rich man of the village. He was a pompous-looking man, with a "touch-me-not" air that made him somewhat unpopular among the inhabitants but the possession of money and a certain amount of political influence with the county leaders of his party covered up his shortcomings, and the people took their hats off to him. Herbert was very like his father in more ways than one. He put on a great many airs, and assumed a patronizing attitude toward those he looked upon as his inferiors. There were not over half a dozen village boys that he was willing to meet on a plane of equality, and even these he would have lorded over, only they wouldn't stand for it, so he was obliged to haul in his horns to remain on friendly terms with them. When Herbert and his companion walked up to the showcase where the cigars were kept, Frank came over to wait on him. Then the young dude noticed for the first time that the storekeeper had a new assistant, and a stranger to the village, at that. Frank also recognized him as the youth who had nearly ridden him down in the road the evening previous, and snapped his whiplash about his ears.

"Hello! Where did you come from?" asked Herbert, superciliously, regarding the new clerk with an unfriendly stare.

"What can I do for you?" asked Frank, taking no notice of the question, nor of the almost insulting way in which it was spoken.

"I asked you where you came from?" Herbert said, haughtily.

"What difference does it make to you where I came from?" replied Frank. "If you wish anything I'll be pleased to serve you."

"When I ask you a question I want you to answer it, do you understand?" snorted Leach, glaring at Frank.

"I'll answer any question connected with this store," replied Frank, quietly; "but as you are a stranger to me I don't propose to answer questions of a personal nature."

"Ashamed to tell where you came from, I suppose," sneered Herbert.

"No, I am not ashamed, but I consider it none of your business."

Leach gasped, while his companion grinned with delight.

"I shall report your insulting conduct to Mr. Packard," replied Herbert, in a rage. "If he doesn't discharge you I'll get my mother to withdraw her trade from the store."

The storekeeper, hearing Herbert's voice raised in a high, angry key, came forward to find out what was wrong.

"Look here, Mr. Packard," said Leach, "this new clerk of yours has insulted me. I wish you to discharge him at once."

"What's the trouble, Frank?" asked Mr. Packard, turning to his assistant.

Frank explained all that had passed between himself and Leach, and referred to Herbert's companion as a witness.

"Has my clerk stated the matter correctly, Master Leach?" asked the storekeeper.

"He has, and I don't propose to stand for such talk," fumed Herbert.

"Well, don't you think that he had a right to



refuse to answer a question of a personal nature from one who is a stranger to him?" said Mr. Packard, mildly, for he thoroughly understood the youth with whom he was dealing.

"Well, he needn't have put on airs about it. The idea of telling me that it was none of my business! I'm not in the habit of being addressed in such an offensive way."

"I am sure he meant no offense. If he knew who you were he would probably have given you a different answer. You must understand that he's a complete stranger in the village," said the storekeeper, in a conciliatory tone. "You want to make some allowance for that fact."

"Very well," said Herbert, loftily. "If he will apologize I'll let it go this time."

"What ought I to apologize for?" said Frank, failing to see how he was in the wrong. "If I asked you where you came from you would consider it impertinence on my part, wouldn't you?"

"Certainly, I should. But there is a big difference between you and me."

"I fail to see it," replied Frank, coolly. "We are both boys of about the same age."

"That has nothing to do with it. I belong to one of the best families in the village. My father is rich and influential while you're only a common boy who has to earn your own living."

"The fact that I have to earn my living doesn't give you the right to address me in an insulting way. When you came to the counter I asked you in a polite way how I could serve you. You didn't tell me, so I could have waited on you?"

"Well, hereafter see that you treat me with the respect I am entitled to. I want two packages of cigarettes," said Herbert, laying thirty cents on the top of the showcase.

"Shall I wrap them up for you?" said Frank, after taking two flat pasteboard boxes from the shelf behind him.

"It isn't necessary," said Leach, opening one of the boxes. "Have a smoke, Ralph?" tendering the box to his companion.

His friend helped himself to one, both boys lit their cigarettes and then walked out of the store.

### CHAPTER III.—Friendless Frank Makes the Acquaintance of Flora Montgomery.

Ten minutes later a sleigh stopped in front of the door and a pretty girl with a piquant air sprang out and tripped into the store. This was Flora Montgomery, daughter of the president of the Shadowbrook Bank. Frank recognized her as the girl who sat on the front seat of the sled the night before, and whose quick action in turning the vehicle aside had saved him from being run down. Mr. Packard was opening a box of goods at the rear end of the store, so Frank stepped forward to wait on her. Flora walked to the counter where the dry and fancy goods were kept. The moment her eyes rested on the new clerk she recognized him as the boy the sleighing party had passed on the road.

"In what way can I serve you, miss?" asked Frank, much impressed with the girl's attractive face and figure.

Flora mentioned what she had come for, and while the boy was getting it the young lady re-

marked to herself that he was a very good-looking and gentlemanly young fellow—rather an improvement on the average Shadowbrook clerk.

"You are a stranger in the village, aren't you?" she said, as she fingered the goods that Frank had spread out for her inspection.

"Yes, miss," Fairfax answered.

"My name is Flora Montgomery," she said. "Might I ask yours?"

"You will make friends here, I am sure. Aren't you the boy that we nearly ran over last evening on the outskirts of the village?"

"Yes, miss. And I am very much obliged to you for saving me. If you hadn't turned the horses aside so promptly I'm afraid my leg would have been broken."

"Don't mention it. The sled shouldn't have gone so close to you. There was plenty of room for us to pass, but Herbert Leach wanted to give you a scare, and he's self-willed. I was very angry with him for acting the way he did. I'm thankful I was able to save you from being run over."

"I'm very grateful to you, Miss Montgomery," replied Frank, earnestly. "If it is ever in my power to return that favor you may be sure I will do it."

"Oh, you mustn't consider yourself under any obligation to me, Mr. Fairfax," she answered, with a charming smile. "I simply did what Herbert ought to have done himself. It would have been very unfortunate if you had been hurt. Are you a relative of Mr. Packard's?"

"No. I just stopped here last night on my way to Buffalo, and he offered me this situation. I was glad to accept it, for I had no money, and walking is a serious matter when there is a foot or two of snow on the road."

"You don't mean to say that you expected to walk all the way to Buffalo?" she exclaimed, opening her pretty eyes very wide.

"I did, but I've changed my mind now."

"Gracious!" she ejaculated. "How far have you walked already?"

"From Rockdale Center, about seventy miles."

"I don't see how you could do it at this season of the year."

"When I started out I had no intention of walking, but I was held up on the road to the railroad station by three tramps, who took my grip, containing my money and everything I possessed in the world. That left me flat broke in every way."

"Haven't you any relatives or friends to apply to for aid?"

"I haven't a friend or relative in the world, miss," he replied, soberly.

"How sad! But you are sure to make friends here if you stay in this store."

"Perhaps. Mr. and Mrs. Packard are very good to me, considering that they know nothing about me. They won't lose anything by it. I never go back on anybody who treats me kindly. Is this the goods you want? You must excuse me if I'm not very expert. It will take me a few days to get the hang of things in the store."

"Yes, this is what I want. Cut me off six yards and charge it to my father. I will take it with me."

Frank cut off the required length, folded the goods and wrapped it up.



"Can I show you anything else?" he asked.

"You might show me what you have in pearl buttons."

Frank made a note of the first sale and then brought all the different kinds of pearl buttons there were in the store and set them before her.

There was nothing among them that she fancied.

"If you could tell me just about what you wanted I'll try to get them in Glendale to-morrow when I go for the mail," said Frank.

"You are very kind, Mr. Fairfax, but I couldn't think of giving you so much trouble."

"It's no trouble at all, Miss Montgomery. Even if it was I should gladly do it for you in consideration of what you have already done for me."

"Pray don't think about that little matter any more," she replied, beaming on him. "It is hardly worth mentioning."

"I think differently. I shall remember it as long as I live. Shall I look up some pearl buttons for you?"

She hesitated.

"Perhaps Mr. Packard might not care to bother about such a little thing," she said.

"I am sure that Mr. Packard would be pleased to accommodate you in any way. Your father is our best customer, I believe."

"Yes, we buy a good deal at this store, but we do not expect too much of Mr. Packard on that account. Well, if you really think it would not be too much trouble I would take it as a great favor if you would get me a dozen buttons as near like this sample as possible."

"I will get them if they are to be had in Glendale," said Frank, taking the sample and putting it in his pocket.

Miss Montgomery made several more purchases, after which she bade Frank good-by in a very friendly way and returned to her sleigh.

Frank made entries in Mr. Packard's sales-book of what the young lady had taken away with her, and then he told the storekeeper about the commission he had undertaken to execute in Glendale for the banker's daughter.

"That was the right thing to do," said Mr. Packard, approvingly. "The Montgomerys are very nice people. They are very considerate in their dealings with others—I wish I could say the same of, well, the Leaches, for example—and I am always glad to do them a favor, for they appreciate it. Now, Frank, take these cans out of this box and place them on the shelf of the grocery department. You will find a few cans left of the same kind. Place them in front of these so they will go out first."

"All right, sir."

Frank had just finished the job when a healthy-looking boy of his own age came into the store.

"I want five pounds of these nails, Mr. Packard," he said.

"Frank, attend to Joe Norris. I'll charge the order. You will find the nail kegs in front of the counter yonder."

"New clerk, eh?" said Norris, as Frank took the sample from his hand.

"Yes."

"When did you come here?"

"Last night."

"You're a stranger in these parts. Relative of Packard?"

"No."

"Say, I rather like you. What's your name?"

"Friendless Frank."

"Mine is Joe Norris. But yours is a queer name."

"So I heard Mr. Packard call you. Glad to know you. As for my nickname, it's one I was dubbed in the past. However, I like your face, and hope I will make a friend of you."

"Same here. We'll be good friends, I guess."

"My father is a carpenter and builder, and I help him," explained Norris. "We live in a small cottage not such a great way from here. I want you to come over and see me. I'll take you around and introduce you to the boys."

"Thanks," replied Frank. "I have no desire to remain friendless any longer."

"You're welcome. I hope you'll stay in the village some time."

"I may."

"Where do you hail from?"

"Rockdale Center."

"Your folks live there, eh?"

"No," replied Frank, shaking his head. "I have no folks."

"That's too bad. Well, we'll make you feet at home here. There are some first-rate boys in the village—and girls, too," added Joe, with a grin.

"I saw quite a bunch in a sled last evening—one of the young ladies was in here a short time ago. She told me her name was Flora Montgomery. I think she's a fine girl."

"I should say she is! She's the king pin in this place. Her father is president of the bank. They are considered the richest family in town. You mustn't expect to associate with her, but she'll treat you all right when she comes in to buy anything."

"Well, here's your nails, Norris. I'll be glad to call on you when I find out where your house is. Perhaps you'd better call and take me over. It will take me a little time to find out where everybody lives."

"I'll come around after you to-morrow night. Packard will let you off, I guess. So long," and Joe marched out of the store.

#### CHAPTER IV.—Frank Shows the Stuff He's Made Of.

"I'm goin' to leave the store in your charge to-night, Frank," said Mr. Packard, at the supper table that evening. "Me and Mis' Packard is goin' to make a call about three miles out of the village, and I'm thinkin' we won't be back much before eleven. I close up always at ten. My customers understand that—I mean those who spend their evenin's here—so, when the clock strikes you'll find that the last of them will begin to move off. Lock up then, and wait for us in the kitchen. You'll find papers and a few books in the sitting-room to amuse you."

Mr. Packard then showed the boy his "slate," a small blankbook in which he was to charge up the cider and cigars ordered by those whose names appeared in it. All others were expected



to settle in cash. About seven the regulars began to drop in, one by one, and Frank filled their orders as they gave them. There was only one customer after that hour for something out of the store. That was an auburn-haired girl who brought a jug for a quart of molasses.

She regarded Frank with a considerable show of interest, for good-looking, gentlemanly boys of his stamp were not numerous in Shadowbrook.

When he handed her the filled jug and took the money she seemed about to say something, then blushed and was about to retire when the boy said:

"Anything else, miss?"

"No, nothing else. Are you clerking for Mr. Packard?"

"Yes. I expect to remain here for a while. Are you one of our regular customers?"

"We buy most everything we need here," said the girl, a bit coquettishly.

"Perhaps you don't mind telling me your name."

"Hattie Smith."

"Thank you. My name is Frank Fairfax. Do you know a boy named Joe Norris?"

"Oh, yes. He lives in the next cottage to ours."

"Nice chap, don't you think? He says he's going to introduce me around."

"He isn't as good-looking or as polite as you," smiled the girl, archly.

"Thank you for the compliment, Miss Smith," laughed Frank. "I'm looking for a nice girl to call on and take around after I get acquainted. Could you recommend me to any of your acquaintances? Or perhaps you might not object to filling the bill yourself."

"I should be glad to have you call and see me," blushed the girl, delighted at Frank's proposition, which he had really only uttered in jest.

"Then I will, as soon as I get acquainted with the village. I don't know anybody yet except Joe Norris—and Miss Montgomery," he added.

"Do you know her?" exclaimed the girl, in surprise.

"Merely as one of our customers. I hardly believe I shall have the honor of visiting her in a social way."

"Well, I must be going," said Miss Smith. "Good-night."

"Good-night. Glad to have met you," said the boy, with a bow.

Hattie smiled her sweetest and hurried home to tell her mother that Mr. Packard had a new clerk who was just the handsomest and nicest boy she ever met, and that he had promised to call on her soon.

Frank hung around the stove listening to the conversation of the select coterie who made the store their stamping ground evenings. One of them asked him his name, where he came from, and sundry other questions, and the rest took in the boy's answers. Just as the clock stroke nine the door opened and admitted three rough-looking men. One of them carried a grip. As they slouched toward the stove and the light struck on their faces Frank gave a gasp, for he recognized them as the three ruffians who had held him up near Rockdale Center and robbed him of

his grip. The bag which one of them carried was not his, however.

"Kin we have somethin' to eat and drink here?" asked one of them, who appeared to be the leader.

"You'll find a small restaurant up the street," replied Frank, wondering whether they recognized him or not.

"We seen the place, but it's closed. Yer kin sell us some crackers and cheese, and some smoked beef, can't yer?"

"Yes, I can do that."

"Then trot 'em out and name the damage. What kin yer give us to drink?"

"Cider."

"Cider be——" then the speaker checked himself. "Well, give us the cider."

Frank brought a liberal quantity of the articles they had mentioned, and finally three mugs of cider. They selected three boxes and sat down. Frank eyed them askance and observed that they ate like very hungry men. The habitues of the store also eyed them, evidently with some distrust. And there was reason for it, as they did not look like honest men. Frank wished that Mr. Packard was around so he could tell him who the men were. They conversed together in tones too low to be overheard by any one but themselves, and the boy noticed, with some anxiety, that they frequently looked around the store as if sizing the place up.

"I wish they'd go," he said to himself, but they seemed to be in no hurry. They called for a fresh supply of crackers and smoked beef, and more cider, and Frank furnished it to them. At half past nine one of the village constables came in for a mug of cider, and he regarded the ruffianly strangers with some suspicion. He also looked hard at Frank, for he saw he was a stranger in the village, too.

"Where's Packard?" asked the constable, addressing the group around the stove in a general way.

"He and Mis' Packard have gone visitin' to-night," volunteered one of the customers, who had obtained the information from Frank.

"Gone visitin', eh?" laughed the constable. "Hello, youngster," he added, looking at Frank, "are you Packard's new clerk?"

The boy said he was.

"Where did you spring from?" the constable continued.

"New York," replied Frank, not caring to mention the name of Rockdale Center within hearing of the three rascals.

"I thought you said you came from Rockdale Center?" said the man who had informed the constable that the storekeeper and his wife had gone visiting. He spoke in a loud voice, and the boy saw the rascals prick up their ears and glance over at him.

"That was the last place I stopped at before I came on here," replied Frank.

"Going to remain here?" asked the constable.

"I expect to, for a while."

"You look like a smart boy, and that's the kind Packard has been after. I guess you'll be a fixture as long as you want to stay."

Then he went on talking with the others. When he took his leave Frank followed him out



on the veranda, and told him the character of the three strangers.

"I'll drop in and see the head constable," said the deputy. "Perhaps he may think it advisable to arrest them as suspicious characters."

With those words he went off. Ten o'clock came and the regular loungers rose with one accord and started for the door. Before they got outside Frank approached the three rascals and told them they'd have to go, as he was going to lock up. They looked at him, then at each other.

"We'll go in a minute, as soon as we warm up a bit at the stove," said the leader.

Frank believed they were playing for time. They could not help knowing that he was alone in the place, for they had listened to what had been said in the presence of the constable, and he felt nervous. Suddenly he remembered that he had seen a revolver in a drawer of the sitting room. He determined to get it for his own protection and that of the house. The men were talking together in low tones around the fire, and while they were thus engaged Frank slipped into the sitting room, found the revolver and put it in his pocket. Then he braced himself for the crisis that he looked for. Walking into the store he said:

"Well, are you going?"

The men stopped talking and the leader said:

"Get us another round of cider and we'll leave."

"No, I can't let you have anything more to-night."

"All right, my pippin, then we'll have to help ourselves to what we kin find, and if yer open yer trap to call for help, or move from that spot, I'll blow the hull top off yer head," said the leader, putting his hand to his hip pocket.

"I don't think you will," replied Frank, coolly. "You'll all throw up your hands or I'll make a target of each of you."

With those words he flashed out Mr. Packard's revolver and covered them with the muzzle.

## CHAPTER V.—Frank Achieves Popularity.

The three rascals were taken completely by surprise. The leader uttered an imprecation and half drew the revolver he had in his hip pocket.

"Take your hand away from your gun," said Frank in a stern tone. "If you don't I shall shoot you in self defense."

The fellow obeyed reluctantly enough.

"Now, then, sit down on those boxes again, where I can keep my eye on you," said Frank.

They obeyed with very bad grace.

"We'll get out of your store," said the leader, in a surly tone.

"No, you won't. You'll stay where you are till Mr. Packard gets back. You intended to rob this store and house."

"We were only tryin' to frighten yer," growled the chief ruffian.

"That won't go down with me. I know the three of you. You held me up on the county road near Rockdale Center a week ago and cleaned me out."

"You can't prove nothin' ag'in us."

"If I can't you'll get off, so you needn't worry, then."

The rascals glared at him, but their fierce looks had no effect on Frank. They moved restlessly about on their seats on the boxes and he stood where he could easily observe the slightest attempt on their part to turn the scales. Presently Frank heard the sound of sleigh bells jingling along the side of the building and then come to a stop. He knew that the storekeeper and his wife had returned, and it was a great relief to him. Then came a pounding on the kitchen door, which was locked and bolted. Of course the boy couldn't answer the summons under the circumstances. The knocking was repeated and kept up for a full minute.

"They think I'm asleep. If they would only come around to the store door they could get in, but no doubt they think that is locked and barred long before this. I can't take my eyes off these rascals, so Mr. Packard will have to investigate on his own hook," said Frank, as the knocking was resumed.

After a lapse of five minutes, during which the storekeeper had gotten a box and looked in at the sitting room window, he came around in front and tried the door. It yielded to his touch and he walked in. Naturally he was surprised and startled to see three hard-looking men seated on boxes close together not far from the stove and his new clerk standing guard over them with a revolver.

"Why, Frank, what's the trouble?" he asked, as he advanced into the store.

"These chaps came in here looking for something to eat and I sold them a meal of crackers, cheese, smoked beef and cider. They hung around until your evening customers all went away. Then they showed that their intention was to rob the place. I got your revolver and stood them off, as you see. You'd better go and get the constable to take charge of them," explained Frank.

"My gracious!" ejaculated the storekeeper, rather astounded by the condition of affairs.

He looked the rascals over, and easily believed they were a hard trio.

"So they were going to rob the store, were they?" he added. "I'll have them attended to right off. Do you think you can hold them a while longer?"

"I'll hold them, all right," replied Frank. "Hustle after the constable."

"I'll go right around to his house in my sleigh and fetch him back with me."

He passed through his living apartments and opened the kitchen door, where he explained the state of things to his wife, who was much startled. He was going to take her with him, but she was a resolute little woman and said she'd stay and help Frank. She got the heavy stove poker and entered the store, while Mr. Packard drove off in a hurry. The head rascal now tried to compromise the matter, swearing that he and his pals meant no harm, and that the boy was mistaken in supposing they intended to rob the house. Frank knew the rascals he was dealing with, and he wouldn't listen to them, so matters remained as they were till Mr. Packard returned with the head constable and one of his deputies. Frank then told his story, and he also asserted these were the men who had waylaid and robbed him near Rockdale Center. The ras-



cals made an emphatic denial to both of his statements.

"It is a case for the justice to pass upon," said the constable, "so I'll have to take you men along with me."

They were handcuffed together, put in the sleigh, and driven off to the building that did duty as a jail, where they were locked up.

Mr. Packard then returned to the store. He complimented Frank on his pluck and alertness, and assured him he would not forget what he owed him for saving his place from being looted.

"That's all right, sir," replied Frank. "I didn't do any more than my duty. You left the premises in my charge, and I did the best I could to defend them."

"Well it's after twelve now, so we'll go to bed. Tomorrow you'll be the hero of the village as soon as the account of this affair gets around. You won't need any better introduction to the inhabitants."

At ten o'clock next morning the three rascals were brought up before Justice Leach in his office. Frank told his story under oath, and his manner impressed all in the room with its truthfulness. The deputy constable who had dropped in at the store the night before, and several of Mr. Packard's nightly habitués, testified to the presence of the three men in the store, but, of course, they had nothing to say against them. The rascals, when asked what they had to say in their own behalf made an unqualified denial of the charge. While Frank's evidence was uncorroborated Justice Leach decided that, as the fellows looked like suspicious characters and could not give a satisfactory account of themselves, he would hold them pending an investigation of their antecedents, so they were sent back to jail and the constable was instructed to look their records up. Frank attracted a lot of attention when he came out of the justice's office. The editor of the Shadowbrook "Times" shook hands with him and said he was proud to know such a plucky lad. In fact, he was the most talked of person in the village that day, and a considerable number of the inhabitants dropped into the store that afternoon to see and talk to him. Joe Norris was one of these, and he was mighty proud of having made Frank's acquaintance the day before.

"You're a nervy boy, all right," said Joe admiringly. "I kind of sized you up as such yesterday. You'll be the most popular chap in the village with the boys, see if you aren't. The fellows appreciate real grit, and they are bound to admire a chap who has it. I'm going to introduce you to some of them tonight. I'm afraid no fellow's girl will be safe while you're around. They will all be after you."

"Girls don't worry me much," replied Frank, laughingly. "At any rate, I wouldn't think of butting in between any fellow and his best girl. I don't believe in that kind of business. It isn't a square deal."

"Good for you! There are a whole lot of girls the boys haven't any claims on, and most of them are pretty. You'll have plenty to pick from."

"Well, drop the girl question. I have something more serious to think about these days.

Come around about half past seven and I'll go with you."

That matter being settled Joe went away.

## CHAPTER VI.—Herbert Leach Tries to Impress Frank With an Idea of His Importance.

Frank was introduced to a crowd of the village boys that evening and they all decided that he was a first-class fellow. Next morning, when Frank rode to Glendale for the mail, he went around among the dry and fancy goods stores and finally succeeded in matching the pearl buttons that Flora Montgomery wanted. He delivered them to her when making his round of the village later on, and she thanked him for taking so much trouble on her account. He assured her that it was no trouble at all, and that he was very glad to be of service to her. Frank had a large order to deliver at Squire Leach's house that day. When he drove his sleigh into the yard Herbert was at the barn, having just come home from a horseback ride with one of his cronies. He walked up to the side of the sleigh where Frank was lifting a box of groceries out to take into the kitchen.

"So you came from Rockdale Center, did you?" he said, curiously.

He had heard Frank testify to that fact in his father's office the morning before at the examination of the three rascals.

"I did," replied the young store clerk.

"Work in a store there?"

"No. I worked on a farm."

"You are a farmer's boy, then?"

"Hardly. I only worked ten months on Mr. Parker's farm. That was all the farming I ever did."

"What did you do before that?" asked Herbert, who seemed determined to find out all he could about this young stranger to the village who had so distinguished himself immediately after his advent in the place.

"I went to school."

"Were you born in New York?"

"I was."

Herbert was evidently surprised to find that Frank was a New York boy.

"Are your folks living in New York?"

"No. My father and mother are dead."

"What made you come here?"

"Because it was on my way to Buffalo."

"Are you going to Buffalo?"

"I think it is likely I may go there after a while."

"How did you happen to get the job at the store?"

"Mr. Packard wanted a clerk and offered me the situation. I accepted it."

"I wouldn't like to be a poor boy like you. You'll have to work all your life."

"Maybe not."

"Why, have you got any rich relative whom you expect will leave you something?" said Herbert, regarding him with a new interest.

"No."

"Then why won't you have to work for a living all your life? If you don't you will have to go to the poorhouse. I suppose you'll go anyway when you get too old to work any more."

"I hope I shan't go to the poorhouse. I hope



to make enough to keep me when I'm old. If I live that long."

"Do you expect to own a country store some day?"

"No. I expect to do better than that."

"Oh, you do? sneered Herbert. "How?"

"That is a question I haven't decided yet. I'm young and have lots of time to consider just what I'll do."

"You'll never be able to make much money," said Herbert, with the air of one who thought he knew it all. "It takes influence to get ahead. My father has influence, so I expect to get ahead. Besides, he's rich, and when he dies I'll get all his money. I'm going to college, and after that I intend to study law, and be a lawyer and justice like my father. I shall live in this house, or a better one, and probably I'll go into politics, and be sent to the Legislature."

"I congratulate you on your prospects," said Frank with a half smile. "I hope they may all come out the way you expect."

"Why shouldn't they?"

"I don't know any reason why they shouldn't."

"I should think not. Don't you wish your chances were as good as mine?"

"I suppose it would be to my advantage if they were," replied Frank.

"Of course it would. But probably you don't understand these things, as you've been brought up a poor boy, without expectations."

"Some of our richest and most successful men started out as poor boys."

"They were extra smart and luck favored them."

"I think they made their own luck."

"Maybe you think you'll be like them. I'm afraid you'll be disappointed if you do."

"I mean to make the most of my opportunities. I can't do any more than that. Well, you'll have to excuse me. I have quite a number of houses to visit after I leave here."

Frank shouldered the box of groceries and carried it into the house, while Herbert returned to the barn to see if the man was attending to his horse properly. The store boy took a second box into the kitchen and then drove out of the yard and up the shady snow covered street. He was rather amused with Herbert Leach's conversation and the questions he had put to him.

Frank managed to find his way around to all the customers that morning, although he had some trouble doing it, and had to make many inquiries along the route. Finally he returned to the store with many orders, put up the horse and went into the store to get them ready for delivery next day, and to wait on customers. By the end of the week he had the village down pretty well, and experienced no further trouble in making his deliveries. The three rascals, who had been held four days in the lock-up, were transferred to Glendale, the county seat, for trial, the constable having found out that they were known to the New York police, and had served time at Sing Sing.

## CHAPTER VII.—How Frank Goes to the Aid of Flora Montgomery.

Next day was Sunday, and of course the store was closed. There were two churches in Shadow-

brook, the one known as the Brick Church, situated in the center of the village, being the more important. The better class of people in the place had pews in the Brick Church, notably Banker Montgomery, Lawyer Leach, and other well-to-do residents. Mr. Packard also had a pew there, not that he was particularly religious, but because it was to his interest to make a showing. He made it a point to be present at morning services every Sunday, with his wife, and he believed it to be his duty, now that Frank was living with him, to take him, too. They were already in their pew when the Montgomeries entered the edifice that morning, and Flora, observing Frank as she walked up the aisle with her parents, bowed to him with a friendly and winsome smile. The Leaches came in directly afterward, but though Herbert saw the young clerk, he did not consider that his dignity would permit him to notice a poor boy. Joe Norris and his folks also attended the same church, and when the morning service was over he was on the lookout for Frank. He introduced him to his parents and to his sister, and invited him to go home with them to dinner. Frank accepted the invitation and went with them.

"You're going to Sunday school with us, aren't you?" said Joe, after dinner. "You'll meet all the fellows and girls there, and it won't take you long to get acquainted."

Frank agreed to go and they set off about half past one. They overtook Hattie Smith on the way, and she bowed and smiled her prettiest at the new store clerk.

When the four young people reached the church, Herbert Leach was talking to Flora Montgomery and another stylishly dressed girl on the porch. To his surprise and displeasure Flora held out her dainty gloved hand to Frank and greeted him in the friendliest way. Frank raised his hat and bowed, while Herbert looked the other way for fear the store boy might claim his acquaintance on the strength of the conversation they had had in his yard.

"Clara," said Flora, turning to her friend, "this is Frank Fairfax. He's the boy who captured the three men who tried to rob Mr. Packard's store. Mr. Fairfax, Miss Bloodgood."

The girl smiled and offered him her hand.

"Herbert," continued Flora, "let me make you acquainted with Frank Fairfax."

"Oh, we have met before," said Herbert stiffly.

After a few words Frank rejoined his friends.

Joe and his sister introduced Frank to all their friends, and the girls particularly seemed to be quite attracted to the newcomer in the village.

On the following Thursday afternoon Mr. Packard told Frank to hitch up the sleigh and take an order out to a certain house on the outskirts of the village. To reach his destination Frank had to cross a short bridge that spanned the little river that ran near Shadowbrook. The stream was coated with ice, in most parts sufficiently thick to bear skates, and the village lads and lassies made the wide space above the bridge their skating ground. When Frank drove his rig across the bridge he saw quite a number of the well-to-do boys and girls gliding around and cutting figures on the dull surface, which had been swept clean of the recent snow for their especial benefit. After he had delivered



his goods he let his sleigh stand and walked over to a point a little way above the bridge to get a nearer view of the skaters. At that moment four girls started a race among themselves, the objective point of which was the bridge. One girl, whom Frank recognized as Flora Montgomery, soon took the lead, and gradually outdistanced her companions. She was a splendid skater and spun along at high speed. All at once Frank noticed that she was headed in the direction of a danger sign where the ice was too thin to be crossed with safety. He shouted to her a warning, but as she was hugging the opposite shore, and was, moreover, greatly excited over the prospect of beating her friends, she neither heard nor noticed him. Fearful that she might fail to notice the danger sign in time to turn aside, he ran to the bridge, crossed it, and dashed down the bank through the snow to the edge of the ice, intending to head her off. Unfortunately for Flora, she covered the ice at so rapid a pace that she outdistanced the boy, and she saw the sign "Danger" too late to save herself. She made an effort to swing around, but, turning too sharp lost her balance and fell heavily on the weak ice. In an instant the surface all around her cracked and broke up, and she was precipitated into the chilly water. With a shrill scream on her lips she disappeared from sight, to the consternation of the other three girls, who also screamed and rushed forward to try and rescue her. It was at that thrilling moment Frank reached the edge of the ice. He rushed out on the slippery surface, fully determined to save Flora at any cost. The cracking and sagging of the ice soon told him that he could not approach the hole where the girl had just gone down into without catching an involuntary bath himself. He tried to work around the edge and draw near from another point, but all were equally insecure. He saw that he could not reach Flora from any quarter except by plunging into the rapidly widening hole himself. As he looked he saw her coming to the surface. She reached out and frantically grabbed at the ice around her, but it melted in bits under her fingers.

"It's up to me to save her," said Frank, "and there's only one way to do it."

Taking a long breath he sprang into the water, and went down near Flora just as she sank the second time. The water chilled him to the bone, but he cared not for that. He pushed out in the direction she had disappeared and his hands encountered the almost insensible girl. Grasping her firmly as his feet touched the bottom, he propelled himself upward. As Frank came to the surface with the unconscious girl in his arms, a succession of shrill screams struck upon his ears. Flora's companions, in their anxiety for her safety, had ventured too far on the treacherous ice and had broken through.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—Frank Tells Herbert Leach What He Thinks of Him.

The other girls, however, had fortunately gone down in a shallower spot closer, and their heads did not go under. Their fright was great and

their screams echoed far and near, attracting the attention of two men at the house where Frank had left his goods, as well as the notice of the other skaters, who, in great alarm, came trooping toward the spot. Frank had his hands full trying to save Flora, so it was very fortunate indeed that her companions had broken through in a comparatively shallow place. The boy struck out with one arm, carrying his precious burden on the other, and, being a fine swimmer, he reached the spot where the other girls were floundering about, where his feet touched bottom.

"Stop screaming," said Frank. "You're in no danger of drowning. Turn around and wade shoreward."

His coolness and energetic manner had the desired effect and encouraged by his words they waded up on the bank and got off their skates, while he followed with the senseless Flora. At that moment Herbert Leach glided up close to the shore.

"Here, let me take Miss Montgomery," he said, authoritatively, reaching out his arms. Frank brushed him aside, stepped on the sloping bank, and dashing up through the snow, ran as fast as he could toward the bridge, at the same time calling on the other dripping girls to follow him. His object was to get Flora and the other girls to the nearby house, where he knew they would be attended to properly by the women of the place. The rush of the sharp afternoon air in Flora's face revived her as he was carrying her across the bridge. Her head lay across the upper part of his left arm, and when she opened her eyes they rested wonderingly on his face. She recognized his features, and asked herself, in a dazed kind of way, why he was carrying her, and what had happened to her. Before they had quite reached the house the whole thing flashed across her mind—the breaking of the ice around her, as she tried to avoid the danger spot; the fall and immersion in the chill water, and the brief sensation of some one grasping her about the waist as she was sinking for the second time. She saw the water dripping from Frank's hair, and hanging in frozen bulbs from his eyelashes, and she knew that it was he who had saved her life. As Frank passed the bridge he looked behind to see if the three water soaked girls were following, and found that they were trudging after him through the snow as fast as they could. The women of the house were standing at the kitchen door watching their approach.

"Here," said Frank, as he placed Flora on her feet, "take charge of Miss Montgomery and do what you can for her. She was pretty nearly drowned, but I see she's come to her senses. There are three more girls who need attention, too, right behind. You can't get their clothes off them any too quick. If Mr. Brown is around you'd better tell him to take my sleigh and go for the nearest doctor. His services may be necessary."

The women understood the situation and got busy at once. One of them rushed Flora up to her room, the others took charge of her three friends as Frank assisted them into the kitchen.

"My husband is in the barn," said Mrs. Brown. "Go there and ask him to give you some dry



clothes to put on yourself, or you'll catch your death. Then you can tell him to go for the doctor."

"Hello!" exclaimed Brown, eyeing Frank's bedraggled appearance as he walked into the barn. "Broke through the ice, eh?"

"No. I jumped in after Miss Montgomery, who broke through at the danger spot. Mrs. Brown said you'd let me have some clothes to take the place of these wet ones."

"Come up in the loft to my hired man's room and I'll fix you up," said Brown, leading the way. "So Miss Montgomery went through the ice, did she? I thought that sign there was plain enough for any one to see."

"She was racing with three other girls, and in her excitement she didn't notice the sign until too late to save herself."

"Too bad! You brought her to the house, did you?" said Brown.

"Yes. You'd better take my sleigh and go for a doctor as soon as you get me the clothes."

"I'll do it. Peel off now and I'll give you a rubbing down."

In a few minutes Frank's skin was all in a glow and the shivering sensation had passed off. Then he got into the clothes that Mr. Brown produced and he felt all right.

"Bury yourself in that pile of hay till I come back," said the boss of the farm.

He wrung out Frank's clothes and took them in to the kitchen of his house and hung them up up to dry near the stove. The boys who had been skating with the girls were hanging around outside, and Herbert Leach seemed very anxious to learn how Flora was getting on, while George Bloodgood was even more solicitous about his sister. Brown, as he got into Mr. Packard's sleigh, told them that he hadn't seen the girls, but assured them that they were getting all necessary attention from his wife and daughters. Herbert wondered where Frank Fairfax had taken himself to. He was greatly vexed that the store boy had been on hand to save Flora, forgetting that if he had not been there at the critical moment the girl would undoubtedly have been drowned. Herbert realized that Frank's prompt action in Flora's behalf would raise him greatly in the girl's esteem, and cement a friendship between them that he was most decidedly opposed to. It would also bring the young clerk to the favorable notice of the banker and his wife, and Mr. Montgomery might give him as much as a thousand dollars for saving his daughter. He felt that a thousand dollars would make Fairfax mighty independent, and as he himself had never enjoyed the unrestricted possession of a tenth part of such a sum, he viewed the rising importance of the store boy with all the jealousy of his narrow nature.

Herbert commenced to run down Frank to his companions as they stood in Brown's yard, but was disgusted to find that they wouldn't fall in with his opinions.

"What's the matter with you, Herbert?" said George Bloodgood, brother of Flora's most intimate companion, Clara, and the son of the cashier of the Shadowbrook Bank. "Frank Fairfax is all right, in my opinion. I don't see how you can say anything against him when you

know he saved Flora Montgomery's life just now."

"I don't see what you want to stand up for that fellow for," retorted Herbert in very bad humor.

"I'm not standing up for him any more than he deserves. That was a plucky act, to jump right in that freezing water. You wouldn't have done it for a million dollars, I'll bet, if you'd been on the spot when Flora broke through," replied Bloodgood, who was an independent lad and had no great respect for Herbert, whom he had long since sized up at his true valuation.

"You make me sick, George Bloodgood! I don't believe you'd have jumped in yourself, even to save your sister."

"You are welcome to your opinion, but it does not count for much in my estimation," replied Bloodgood, angry at Herbert's mean reflection on his courage with reference to his sister. "You imagine you're the whole thing in the village, but you're not, by a long way. I'd hate to tell you what I think of you, but if you push me to it I will."

Herbert didn't like his companion's plain talk for a cent, for it made him feel pretty small; but he couldn't afford to quarrel with George Bloodgood from motives of policy, and for that reason he was accustomed to take things from the cashier's son that he wouldn't stand for from anybody else. Herbert made no reply to the last speech, and not wishing to hear any more of the same kind he walked off by himself. Entering the barn he looked around the place, and finally his curiosity induced him to go up into the loft. There his eyes rested on Frank's head sticking out of a pile of hay.

"Oh, you're there, are you?" sniffed Herbert, regarding him with an unfavorable eye.

"I am," returned Frank cheerfully. "Have you any objection?"

"I want to know why you shoved me aside on the river bank. Don't you know you have no right to lay hands on me?"

"Do you want me to apologize?" laughed Frank. "I wasn't aware that I treated you very roughly. You got right in my way as I stepped out of the water with Miss Montgomery, and as we were both dripping wet, and it was necessary she should have attention as soon as possible, why, I pushed by you. Now you understand the matter."

"Why didn't you hand her over to me when I asked you?"

"Why should I?" asked Frank in surprise.

"Because I asked you to. I escorted her to the river to skate and she is under my care, do you understand?"

"If she was under your care you ought to have seen that she didn't get into danger. Or when she did get in danger of her life, you ought to have been somewhere near to help her out."

"Look here, Frank Fairfax, I don't want any advice from you. Please to recollect who I am. When I ordered you to hand her over to me you should have done it at once. Do you hear?"

"I hear you very plainly," replied Frank, coolly. "Would you have liked to have gotten your nice clothes sopping wet?"

"That's my business," snarled Herbert.

"All right, then let me tell you that a: I



jumped into the river and pulled Miss Montgomery out I considered it my business to get her to Mr. Brown's house as soon as possible."

"I consider that you are very impertinent to talk to me in that way. I want you to understand that I'm a gentleman's son, while you are only a common boy."

"I'm very sorry if my language offends your sensitive ears," replied Frank, sarcastically. "I suppose I'll have to learn to treat you with more deference."

"You'd better if you want to stay in the village."

"Have I to look to you for permission to remain in Shadowbrook?"

"If my mother takes her trade away from Mr. Packard's store on your account, and persuades other customers to do the same, I guess you won't remain long in this place," said Herbert significantly.

"I haven't offended your mother; in fact, I don't know Mrs. Leach except by sight."

"When you offend me you offend her, do you understand? What I say goes with her. If I tell her that you insulted me she'll write to Mr. Packard demanding your discharge. If he does not turn you adrift, then Mr. Packard will lose our custom, and the custom of others in our set. He knows on which side his bread is buttered. He is not going to lose business on your account. There are lots of other boys he can get, and he'll find it to his interest to get one."

"I suppose you don't see anything mean about such a proceeding?" said Frank, with a contemptuous ring to his tones.

"You aren't wanted here anyway."

"I'm sorry. If I thought that was the general feeling in the village I should leave very quickly, but I'm thinking that you're only expressing your private sentiments, and they don't go very far with me."

## CHAPTER IX.—Friendless Frank Makes Several New Friends.

Herbert Leach determined to set the ball rolling at once to insure Friendless Frank's expulsion from the village. If he disliked him before, he fairly hated him now with all the animosity of his contemptible little nature. He was willing to go to any length to accomplish his purpose. He knew he had great influence over his mother, and, as he had threatened Frank, he meant to make her the instrument of his revenge. While he couldn't work his father so easily he intended to make his mother influence the squire to act as he wished. Altogether he figured that he would have no great difficulty in driving the friendless boy from Shadowbrook. The first thing he did after leaving the loft was to go to the house and ask how Flora was getting on. He was told that she was in bed and seemed to feel no bad effects from her involuntary bath.

"My husband went for a doctor, but I don't think he is needed now," concluded Mrs. Brown.

"Do you know where George Bloodgood and the rest of the boys went?" he asked.

"They went to get dry clothes for the young ladies to put on."

Herbert was sorry that he had not thought of

going to the Montgomery home on that errand himself. Bloodgood would go there after he had got his sister's clothes, and would tell Mrs. Montgomery how Frank Fairfax had saved Flora's life. The very thought vexed him very much. However, he knew what he could do. He told Mrs. Brown to tell Flora that he would return in an hour with a sleigh and fetch her home. With this purpose in view he tramped back to the village. He had hardly gone before Mr. Brown drove up with the doctor. The physician found that the girls were all right and did not require any treatment on his part, so Mr. Brown drove him home again.

By the time he got back Frank's clothes were dry enough for him to put on, and the boy appeared in the kitchen about the time that George Bloodgood and the other two boys returned with garments for the girls.

"I haven't been introduced to you, Fairfax," said Bloodgood, stepping up to Frank, "but I don't think that formality is necessary under the circumstances. My name is George Bloodgood, and I'm glad to make your acquaintance."

"And I'm glad to know you," responded Frank, pleased at the boy's frank and hearty self-introduction which showed that he was a good fellow. Bloodgood then introduced his companions.

"Say, you are making a name for yourself fast in Shadowbrook," said the cashier's son without the least bit of jealousy in his manner. "First you hold up three armed ruffians in Mr. Packard's store at the muzzle of a revolver, and secure their capture, and now you have saved Flora Montgomery's life at some risk to your own. I'm bound to say that you're a plucky chap and I'm proud to know you, even if you're poor and friendless, as Herbert Leach says you are. You can depend on one thing, that you won't be friendless after this. The Montgomerys will be your friends for life, and their friendship is worth having, I can tell you. In fact, I think I can guarantee that you'll have all the friends you want in this place after this."

"I thank you for the generous attitude you take towards me, Bloodgood," replied Frank, gratefully. "You're an altogether different boy from Herbert Leach."

"I should hope I am. If it wasn't that he can bank on his parents, who hold a high social position in the village, he wouldn't amount to a hill of beans. Personally I don't like him, but I put up with him because he's one of us. People take their hats off to him because his folks are well off, and his father has political connections; but, between you and me, he's the most unpopular lad in the village. He doesn't like you for some reason, but you needn't worry. You can get along without having anything to do with him."

"I'm afraid he intends to make a good deal of trouble for me, or at least for Mr. Packard, in an effort to get at me."

Just then Flora Montgomery, Bloodgood's sister and the other two girls entered the kitchen. As soon as Flora saw Frank she went right up to him and took both his hands.

"Frank Fairfax, how can I ever thank you enough for saving my life? I want you to un-



derstand that I am very, very grateful to you. My mother and father will never forget what you have done for me this afternoon, nor will I."

"I am very happy to have been able to be of such service to you, Miss Montgomery. I feel that I have repaid you for saving me from being run over the night I came to the village for the first time."

"That was a very small service compared with the one you have just rendered me. You mustn't consider it at all in this matter. I want you to know that after this I am your friend for life."

"I accept your friendship, Miss Montgomery, gladly. I seem to be acquiring many friends in this place. In Rockdale Center the people used to call me Friendless Frank, but I guess that doesn't go any longer."

"It certainly will apply to you no longer. My mother and father will be your friends, as well as I. And I am sure you can count on all of us in this room."

"That's what he can, Flora," spoke up Bloodgood. He's built of the stuff I like, and a chap of that kind I always cotton to."

"Well," said Flora, "it's getting dark. We had better start for home."

"If you have no objection to riding in my sleigh I'll be glad to give you all a lift into the village," said Frank.

"I'm sure we'll be glad to take advantage of your invitation," said Flora. "What do you say, girls? Of course if we go the boys will go with us."

"I'm willing," replied Clara Bloodgood. "But you forget, Flora, that Herbert Leach left word that he was going to come after you in his sleigh."

"I didn't ask Herbert Leach to put himself to that trouble," replied Flora. "At any rate, I have accepted Frank Fairfax's invitation, and I am going home with the crowd," she added laughingly.

"The sleigh is awaiting your pleasure," said Frank with his hand on the knob of the door. "Shall I escort you to your seat, Miss Montgomery?"

"Certainly," she replied, giving him her hand.

At that moment there came a knock on the door. Frank opened it and there stood Herbert Leach. Without noticing Fairfax, Herbert addressed himself to Flora.

"Are you ready to go home with me, Flora?" he said. "I've brought our sleigh out especially for you."

"I'm sorry you took all that trouble, Herbert Leach, for you'll have to excuse me accompanying you. I have just accepted an invitation from Frank Fairfax to go with him, and the rest of our crowd is going with me. Come," she added turning to Frank, "let us go."

Herbert was all taken aback.

"You're not going in Mr. Packard's sleigh, are you?" he almost gasped.

"I am," she answered, quite coolly, brushing by him and following Frank to the vehicle, where he assisted her up into the driver's seat.

The others trailed behind.

"I'm sorry I cannot offer the rest of you young ladies seats," said Frank apologetically.

"Oh, we'll sit down in the straw," laughed Clara Bloodgood. "We don't mind that a bit. Do we, girls?"

The other girls thought it would be fun, and so when all hands had piled into the vehicle, Frank started the horse and away they went without taking any further notice of Herbert Leach. He glared after the merry party with rage in his heart. It was against Frank that his resentment was chiefly directed.

"You're the cause of all this, you young beggar!" he gritted, shaking his fist after the sleigh. "But I'll get square with you. I'll drive you out of Shadowbrook if I die for it. I'll see whether you can come here and crow over me."

## CHAPTER X.—Frank Receives a Valuable Present.

"I suppose even the best of friends must part," laughed Frank, as he opened the iron gate for Flora to enter the grounds.

"You are not going to run away in that fashion," she said, catching him by the arm. "You must come in and let me introduce you to my mother and father."

So he permitted her to take him into the house and present him to her parents. George Bloodgood, when he called for Flora's clothes, had told Mrs. Montgomery about the narrow escape her daughter had had from drowning, and he gave the full credit for her rescue to Frank Fairfax, consequently Frank was received with open arms by Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery. They both thanked him with much feeling for the service he had rendered their only child, and assured him that he must consider them his sincere friends henceforth. Frank told them that he thought he hadn't done more than his duty.

"I'm a good swimmer, and you don't think I was going to stand by and see Miss Flora drown before my eyes. I simply did what anybody else ought to have done under the circumstances."

Frank remained half an hour and then took his departure, after Flora had made him promise to call upon her at an early date. Then he drove back to the store, feeling happier than he had ever felt in his life before. Mr. Packard had wondered greatly over his extended absence, but his explanation set matters all right. The news of Flora's rescue was all over town next morning and a full account of the incident, furnished by George Bloodgood, appeared in the "Times" that afternoon. Some hours before the "Times" went to press, however, while Frank was away at Glendale after the mail, Mr. Packard received a note by a servant from Mrs. Leach complaining that her son Herbert had been insulted by his new clerk. She concluded by saying that unless the storekeeper dispensed with the services of Frank Fairfax she would feel obliged to transfer her custom to the other store. Mr. Packard showed the note to Frank when he got back and asked him what trouble he had had with Herbert Leach. Frank told him everything, including Herbert's threat.

"Very well," said the storekeeper, folding up the note and putting it in his pocket. "I shall be sorry to lose the trade of the Leaches, but no-



body is going to bulldoze me into treating you unjustly. I shall probably call on Mrs. Leach and explain matters, but be the result what it may, you shall remain here."

That afternoon Mr. Packard called on Squire Leach and put the matter before him. The lawyer listened to him and said he would look into the matter. Whether the story that appeared in the "Times" about Frank's plucky rescue of Flora Montgomery had any influence with the squire and his wife or not, certain it is that Mr. Packard heard nothing further from them about a withdrawal of their trade from his store.

On Saturday afternoon a clerk from the bank delivered a package and a letter at the store for Frank. The letter, which was signed by Mr. Montgomery, said that he hoped Frank would accept the enclosed order on a Glendale clothier for the best suit of clothes in his store, to replace the suit which the boy had worn when he jumped into the water after his daughter Flora. He also hoped that Frank would accept the gold watch and chain and charm, sent herewith, as a recognition of his priceless service on that occasion. He concluded by saying that he would ever consider himself the boy's debtor, and that if Frank wished a favor of him at any time he would be only too happy to grant it. The young clerk then opened the package and found that the watch was an expensive and handsome one, while the chain and charm were quite in keeping with it.

"That's a better watch than Herbert Leach wears, and I have heard him say that he owns the finest watch, outside of his father and Banker Montgomery, in the village," said Mr. Packard when Frank showed him his present.

"It's too fine for a poor boy like me to wear," said Frank, gazing at it admiringly.

"Not on Sundays, when you have your best suit on," said the storekeeper.

"Mr. Montgomery also sent me an order on Wainwright & Co., clothiers, of Glendale, for the best suit of clothes in their store," said Frank exhibiting the order. "He seems to think that the old suit I'm wearing was spoiled by the water, but it is not. It's all right for everyday use in the store. I'll have three suits when I get this one. The good suit you bought me I've only worn twice."

"You need them all," replied the storekeeper. "The one you have on is a trifle shabby, and will soon have to give way to the suit I bought you. Go in and show your watch to Mrs. Packard. Then you'd better hitch up the horse to the sleigh and go to Glendale and get that outfit so you can look your best when you appear at church tomorrow."

Frank looked as stylish as Herbert Leach when he walked to church with the Packards next morning, and as he was far better looking, his appearance created quite a fluttering among the girlish hearts. When Sunday school time came around Frank went to Joe Norris' house as usual to accompany him and his sister, as well as Hattie Smith, who made it a point to be on hand.

"You're a swell, all right, Frank," said Joe admiringly, gazing a bit enviously at his friend's new suit.

"You look awfully stylish," said Joe's sister. "You put us in the shade."

"I hope not," replied Frank. "I don't want to put anybody in the shade."

"Doesn't he look handsome?" whispered Miss Smith to Miss Norris.

Joe's sister nodded, and wished that Frank was her beau. Joe and the girls were pleased to notice that Frank did not put on any airs because of his improved appearance. He was just the same Frank that he was in his old suit at the store.

"That's a bang-up chain you've got," said Joe, "and a dandy charm. Let's see your watch."

Frank pulled it out and exhibited it.

"Isn't it a grand one!" ejaculated Sadie Norris.

"It's a peach," said Joe. "Where did you get it?"

"Mr. Montgomery presented it to me—watch, chain and charm."

"For pulling Flora out of the river, eh?"

"As a kind of acknowledgment of my services on that occasion."

"It must be worth over \$100," said Joe.

When they reached the church Flora was approaching from the opposite direction in company with George Bloodgood and his sister. Frank advanced to meet them. Suddenly he was roughly elbowed aside by somebody and looking at the aggressor he saw it was Herbert Leach who had passed him and was now bowing and holding his hand out to Flora. The girl's sharp eyes had seen Herbert's action, consequently she merely nodded coldly at him and declined to shake hands. Herbert was disconcerted by her icy manner and his feelings were not improved when Flora rushed up to Frank and offered him her hand. Not only that, but she continued on to the church porch with the store clerk without paying any further attention to Herbert. On top of that neither George Bloodgood nor his sister were over-cordial to him, for George was down on him for threatening to force Frank from the village. Altogether he found himself thrust quite into the background that afternoon, and that was quite a new and decidedly unpleasant sensation for him.

## CHAPTER XI.—The Burglary.

Four weeks passed away and during that time Frank found himself quite a lion among the young people of Shadowbrook. He called regularly once a week on Flora, and was accepted as a social equal by all her friends, Herbert Leach excepted, but he didn't seem to count any more. He attended two parties as Flora's escort, to Herbert's secret rage, and had cut the lawyer's son out completely with the banker's lovely daughter, who made no secret of her preference for his society. As a matter of fact Frank's advent in Shadowbrook had brought about the complete extinguishment of Herbert Leach as a factor of any importance. It was about this time that the three rascals who had tried to rob Mr. Packard's store were brought to trial in Glendale. The public prosecutor did his best to convict them on Frank's evidence, backed up by their bad reputations, but the jury failed to agree on a verdict. They were subsequently allowed to



plead guilty on a charge of vagrancy and the judge sent them to the workhouse for three months. Mr. Packard regarded Frank as a jewel of a clerk, and not only raised his wages two dollars a month more, but gave him as much time to enjoy himself on the outside as he could afford. In fact, the storekeeper and his wife treated the boy almost like a son, and Frank showed his appreciation by giving his best services to them. Thus three months more elapsed and early spring was at hand. During that interval Frank continued to have the time of his life with the young people of Shadowbrook. He was the one boy in Shadowbrook who drew no social line. He attended the social gatherings of both classes of village society with perfect impartiality, conducting himself in a way to easily maintain his reputation as the most popular lad in the place. Although he had half the girls at his feet he paid particular attention to none of them but Flora. And the banker's daughter gave him every encouragement he could. The banker showed a great deal of interest in him, and gradually drew from him his hopes and future ambitions. Finally Mr. Montgomery asked him if he would like to go to the Glendale Academy and prepare himself for college, offering to defray all his expenses, not only at the academy, but at any college he subsequently decided that he would prefer to attend.

This was too good an offer to be refused, and Frank accepted it gratefully, so it was arranged that he should go to the academy at the close of the summer vacation.

Herbert Leach, finding that he either had to haul in his horns toward Fairfax or remain entirely out in the cold, adopted the former course and reluctantly assumed a fairly civil attitude toward Frank.

The term of imprisonment of the three rascals, who had given their names as Jim Brady, Bill Ewing and Jude Goff, expired about this time and they were released. In order to get them out of the county as quickly as possible, they were each provided with a ticket for New York and a dollar in cash. Instead of leaving they took up their quarters at an old, decayed mill just outside of Shadowbrook, after investing the three dollars in food that would keep, as well as in a supply of liquor and tobacco. The county authorities were not aware of this move on their part and as they did not show themselves in the daytime, even the inhabitants of Shadowbrook and outskirts did not know that they had such undesirable neighbors. The stream, from the icy waters of which Frank had rescued Flora Montgomery, ran by the abandoned mill. It had, in the days of the mill's usefulness, furnished power to drive the machinery, and about two thirds of the big water wheel still hung dormant and moss-grown above the water line.

One night the rascals, while foraging around the neighborhood, found a boat tied to a stake in a small creek. They took possession of it and brought it to the mill, where they hid it in the reeds near the water-wheel. Thus they provided themselves with a means of retreat by water in case circumstances prevented them from leaving the mill by land. The rascals, after investigating the village thoroughly, decided to burglarize the residence of Squire Leach. They owed

him a grudge, anyway, because he had caused their detention in the village lock-up until their records had been looked up. His fine house showed that he was well off, and while they did not know whether he kept much money about the premises, they calculated that there would be silverware enough in the house, as well as other valuables, to pay them for the risk they ran in the venture. So, during the early hours of the morning they selected for the enterprise, they effected an entrance through one of the basement windows, and so quietly and effectively did they work that they secured three good-sized bag loads of valuable plunder, some of it from the very room in which the squire and his wife were sleeping, and left the house by the kitchen door without raising an alarm. They carried their loot to the mill and hid it in the cellar where they had their quarters.

Naturally there was trouble when Squire Leach arose in the morning and discovered what had happened during the night. He soon had the whole police force of the village, which consisted of the head constable and four deputies, at his house before breakfast. The squire vowed to move heaven and earth to capture the burglars and mete out proper punishment to them. A couple of detectives were brought from Glendale to help the local officers on the job, and they decided that it was the work of experts. They failed to find any clue that would put them on the track of the rascals, though they scoured the neighborhood diligently, and even examined the old mill.

Jim Brady and his companions, when they saw the two detectives approaching the mill, had got into the boat, rowed in among the rushes and remained hidden there till they believed the coast was clear. The news of the robbery flew through the village like wildfire, but the full particulars were not generally known until after the publication of the "Times" that afternoon, which devoted a full column to a description of the outrage. Among the things stolen from the Leach home was Herbert's gold watch and chain, of which he had been so vain. The burglars had also taken his gold sleeve buttons and his small diamond scarf pin, besides all his pocket money. The loss of his property was a terrible calamity to Herbert. He felt that he could not be seen in public without his watch, scarf pin and sleeve buttons. They were as well known about the village as himself, for he had acquired the habit of showing them off. The robbery was the main topic of conversation in the store that day. Such a thing hadn't happened in Shadowbrook for a long time, and never on such a large scale, and consequently it produced a big sensation.

Joe Norris found it a sufficient excuse to cause him to leave his work and go to the store in order to talk the subject over with Frank Fairfax. In fact, Joe was glad of any old excuse at times to get away from the carpenter work at which his father kept him employed. Frank was weighing out some sugar for Hattie Smith when Joe entered. Hattie was fooling with the scales in order to delay the operations as long as possible while she chatted with the good-looking clerk. The appearance of Joe put a spoke in her wheel.



"What do you think of the robbery at Squire Leach's?" asked Joe, eagerly.

"I think it was rough on the squire," replied Frank. "They say he's lost a whole lot of valuable property."

"I heard that Herbert Leach was cleaned out of all his valuables, too," grinned Joe, as if this piece of news tickled him not a little.

"I believe he lost a number of things, including his watch and chain," answered Frank, without showing any evidence of satisfaction.

"He must be crazy," went on Joe. "That watch and chain was the whole thing with him. He was never tired of looking at the time whenever anybody was around."

"His father is rich enough to get him another, I guess."

"He will probably have to wait for his birthday, whenever that is, and in the meantime he will have to go around without any. He'll feel like thirty cents."

"Well, we all are up against it some time."

"That idea won't console him. Who do you suppose the burglars were?"

"How should I know? I haven't the honor of their acquaintance."

"They must be beauts to get away with all the stuff they carried off without anybody in the house getting on to them."

"I dare say they knew their business."

"You can bet they did."

By that time Frank had the sugar and other things Hattie had called for done up in a package for her to carry away, and as she had no further excuse for remaining she bade Frank good-by with her sweetest smile and departed.

"I guess Hattie is dead sweet on you," said Joe, as the girl went out at the door.

"What makes you think she is?" replied Frank, with a slight frown.

"My sister told me she was. She talks about you all the time. She's got my sympathy, for I know she isn't in it."

"Girls are not worrying me any just at present," said Frank, brushing a few specks of sugar off the counter.

"You make an exception, don't you?" chuckled Joe.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, everybody says that you and Flora Montgomery understand each other."

"Then everybody is wrong," said Frank, flushing up, "as people generally are who butt into other people's business."

"Well, don't get mad over it. I just mentioned the matter, as it seems to be the general opinion that——"

"That will do, Joe. Change the subject."

So the conversation went back to the burglary again, but customers coming in to be waited on, Joe reluctantly took his leave and went back to work.

## CHAPTER XII.—Frank Traps the Burglars.

On the following day, which was Saturday, Squire Leach posted a reward of \$500 in the Glendale "Daily Record" for information leading to the capture and conviction of the burglars who had looted his house, and the recovery of his property. A copy of this advertisement was

posted up in Mr. Packard's store and attracted some attention.

"I'd like to win that reward," Joe Norris remarked to Frank when he dropped in that evening and read it over. "Five hundred dollars would be a small fortune to me."

"Why don't you get out and hustle for it, then?" replied his friend.

"I would if I knew how to go about it."

"Buy a book and perhaps you'll learn the secrets of sleuthing," smiled Frank.

"There are two expert detectives on the job already, and I haven't heard that they've made any discovery yet. It's a wonder they couldn't find some sort of clue. Detectives aren't so much after all. Why, you can read in the papers any day of crimes committed where the perpetrators get clean off in spite of the best detectives in the country. It is my opinion Squire Leach will never see his stolen property again. The burglars probably escaped up or down the river with it, and are in New York having a good time by this. Hello! here comes Hattie Smith. Blessed if she don't find more excuses to come into this store to see you than a fellow could keep track of. What are you after now, Hattie?"

Miss Smith wanted a certain brand of cereal for breakfast, and Frank proceeded to wrap it up for her.

"I'll be home all alone this evening, Mr. Fairfax," she said. "Father and mother are going to visit my aunt, who is sick."

"You'll be lonesome, won't you?" replied Frank. "Why don't you and your sister drop in and keep her company, Joe?"

"I'll tell my sister to," grinned Joe. "I've got an engagement myself."

Hattie looked disappointed. She had thrown out the hint hoping Frank might take it up himself and spend the evening with her, but it didn't work. Frank had accepted an invitation to go to a party that evening at a farmhouse about three miles outside the village, and soon after supper he started on horseback for the scene of the festivities. The road he had to traverse led past the old mill, and when he went by he saw several flashes of light at the doorway, as if a man was lighting his pipe there.

"Some tramp has taken refuge there," he said to himself, and then he forgot all about the circumstance.

The party broke up at midnight, and Frank started for the store on his nag. About half a mile from the mill the horse stumbled suddenly, went down on his knees and pitched the boy over his head. Frank came into collision with an old log that lay against the fence and the shock deprived him of his senses. The horse recovered himself and trotted on home, where he arrived in due course. Several hours later Frank recovered consciousness. At first he wondered where he was, and what had happened to him, but in a few minutes he recollected everything. He got on his feet and looked around for his horse, but the animal wasn't in sight.

"The rascal has gone home leaving me to walk. Rather tough on me, but there's no use kicking. I wonder how long I was unconscious?"

He took out his watch and tried to make out the time, but the night had turned cloudy and



he could not see the hands. Then he recollected that he had brought his matchsafe with him, so he took it out and struck a match.

"Gracious!" he exclaimed, in astonishment. "Three o'clock. I have lain alongside that log about two hours and a half. I must have got a crack for fair. Yes, there is quite a lump on the side of my head, but it doesn't pain me now anything to speak of. I'll have to get a move on, or it will be daylight almost by the time I reach the store. Nap," short for Napoleon, the horse's name, "didn't make much by running away from me. He won't be able to get into the barn till I get back. I hope he finds it sufficiently amusing to wander about the yard. Well, here goes to foot it."

With these words Frank put his best foot forward. When he reached the vicinity of the mill, which stood back about a hundred feet from the road, he heard the voices of men approaching along the road. They were evidently on foot, and he wondered who they could be. The turn in the road and the height of the bushes prevented him from seeing their figures as yet. A loud imprecation finally floated toward him, and this, with the roughness of their tones, gave him the idea that he had better avoid meeting them. So he drew back into the bushes, remaining very quiet, expecting they would soon pass by. Presently they came into sight—three burly-looking men, each with a bag well filled with something over his shoulders. When they reached the bushes behind which Frank was observing them, they came to a halt and threw their loads on the ground.

"This bag I'm carryin' is blamed heavy," said one of them, "but it's worth the trouble, all right," he added, with a short laugh. "It's real silver, every ounce of it. We made a fine haul tonight. There'll be more fuss made over this job than there was about the other."

"What's the odds? We'll be away down the river by daybreak. It's a lucky thing for us that sloop came to anchor near the mill this evenin'. It's just what we need to carry all our stuff to New York in safely," said one of the other two.

Frank was thoroughly startled by the words he heard. It was plain to him that these three men were the rascals who had robbed Squire Leach's residence, and from their words, as well as the well-filled bags, it seemed that they had committed another burglary that night, or, rather, morning. Apparently they had gotten possession of a sloop and were going to carry off the proceeds of both robberies right away. Frank felt that he ought to try and checkmate them, but how was he to do anything against three big men? At that moment one of the men, who had been filling his pipe, flashed a match to light the tobacco. The flare lit up the faces of all three. Frank nearly betrayed himself by an exclamation of surprise. He recognized the men as Jim Brady, Bill Ewing and Jude Goff, the three crooks whom he had failed to convict of the attempted robbery of Mr. Packard's store, and who had only recently been discharged from the county workhouse.

So they were the burglars, and the police enraged on the case had apparently no thought of them in connection with the crime. The men

went on talking and Frank soon found out that they had just robbed Banker Montgomery's home. Whereupon he determined at any risk to follow them and see whether he could prevent them from getting away with their ill-gotten booty. He knew that the banker owned a silver service, which was used on special occasions, and which he set great store by, not only on account of its value, but because it had come to him from his parents years before. When not wanted at the house it was kept in the vault of the bank. Frank recollected that Flora had told him that a well-known banker from Chicago was expected to arrive at her home that afternoon to stay over Sunday with them, so he guessed that was the reason why the silver service had been brought over from the bank for use on the morrow, only to fall into the hands of these rascals. Well, it was up to him to try and rescue it, as well as the other plunder, and he determined to leave no stone unturned to effect such a result.

"I guess I've got my work cut out for me, for any one of these fellows alone is more than a match for me at close quarters. Still, I'm not going to back out for that reason. I must match artifice against their strength, if possible. If I only had a gun I'd feel more certain of results; but I haven't, so what's the use of talking?"

After the men had rested themselves a bit they picked up their bundles and started for the old mill. Frank followed them with great caution. The darkness of the early morning favored him. Instead of entering the building they went around to the rear. He crept up as close he dared and saw them put the bags in the bottom of a small rowboat, board it and row off into the gloom. They didn't go far, for he heard them talking a short distance away, and easily made out the clink of the stuff in the bags as they were lifted aboard some craft. Inside of a quarter of an hour the boat returned with the three men, who landed, after tying the painter to a stake. They walked straight for the door of the mill and disappeared inside. Frank crept after them, and listening at the doorway, heard their footsteps descending a short flight of steps.

"They have gone into the cellar of the old mill to get the rest of their booty," he said to himself. "As soon as they get it aboard of the sloop close by they'll set sail down the river and be miles away by sunrise. What can I do to prevent them from getting away? If I could only trap them in the cellar by shutting down the wooden flap and putting some weight on it that would hold it down I'd have them dead to rights. The question is, can this be done? It looks to be the only feasible way to catch those rascals."

Frank slipped off his shoes and ran lightly across the floor to the trap. He stuck his head down, but could only see that there was a dim light below. Determined to see just what they were doing, he tip-toed his way down the steps.

Then he made out that they were digging up something from under a pile of rubbish in a corner of the cellar.

"I see now where all of the squire's stolen property is. If I can trap these rascals down here it will be \$500 in my pocket. Let me see if I can do it."

He ran up the steps, struck a match and looked



around the ground floor of the old mill. The trap was directly under the stairs that ran up to the second story. There was nothing in the room but a stout stick of wood about three yards long. The sight of that stick and the stairs immediately put a grand idea in Frank's brain. He immediately closed the flap, got the piece of wood and placing one end in the socket where the ring of the flap was, he jammed the other end against the bottom of one of the cross-pieces of the stairs. Frank felt like yelling with delight, for the stick held the flap down as securely as a piece of wood in a vise.

"I've got them caught like rats in a trap. I'll bet they never can get out of that place without help from the outside, and they're not likely to get that. Now I'm off for the head constable. He'll have a fit almost when I tell him that I've trapped the burglars all by myself, and that I know just where the stolen property is. Then when I tell him that Mr. Montgomery's house was robbed a short while ago he'll fall off his perch. The capture of the crooks and recovery of the plunder will be another sensation for Shadowbrook, and the bother is I'll be right up to my neck in it myself. I must be destined to become famous from the way I've been getting into the limelight since I came to this village. There will be something doing in the cellar when those rascals discover that they can't get out. As I didn't make any noise springing the trap they'll wonder how it happened and who did it, and then they'll begin thinking about what they're up against."

By this time Frank had reached the road and was trudging along toward Shadowbrook as fast as he could go.

### CHAPTER XIII.—Caught Unawares.

The clock was striking four when Frank reached Constable Fisher's house. He thumped on the door fit to wake the dead, and presently an upper window was thrown up and the officer's head appeared.

"Who's there?" he inquired.

"Frank Fairfax."

"What's the trouble, Frank?" asked Mr. Fisher, in some surprise.

"Dress yourself and come downstairs. I've got news for you about the burglars."

"The burglars!" ejaculated the constable. "You don't say! I'll be right down."

In a few minutes the officer opened the door and admitted him. The boy hurriedly explained the situation to him. Mr. Fisher was astonished at his story, and decided that prompt measures were in order lest the three rascals might manage to break out of the mill cellar some way.

He took Frank to his stable and they hitched up his horse to the light wagon. Then they drove around a bit till they picked up two of the three deputies on duty at night. After that the horse's head was turned toward the old mill. When they arrived there the stick was found to be in the same position Frank had left it in. It was removed, the trap thrown back and the three constables, with their dark lanterns and drawn revolvers, descended into the cellar, while Frank, with a policeman's billy, mounted guard over the opening. The young clerk could hear the officers

moving around below, and the absence of any other sounds made him fear that the rascals might have managed to make their escape through some hole in the cellar wall. At last Constable Fisher and his deputies came up with word that the burglars were not in the cellar.

"They got away through a hole around the big shaft to which the wheel is attached, and which they enlarged in order to get through, the mortar being crumbly and the stones easily worked out," said the constable, in a tone of chagrin.

"That's hard luck," replied Frank, awfully disappointed, "when I thought I had them effectually hid under a pile of rubbish in the corner. Here are a couple of the squire's silver spoons I found."

"I might have taken charge of that sloop they had, and have saved Mr. Montgomery's property at any rate," said Frank. "I feel like kicking myself."

"There is no reason for you to blame yourself," replied the constable. "You did the right thing as far as you figured the matter out. You could not foresee that circumstances would upset your tactics."

"Come outside," said the boy, "and I'll show you where they had their rowboat moored."

They followed him to the water side. Of course the boat was missing now, while the soft ground was covered with many footprints.

"I'll have to follow the sloop in the wagon," said Constable Fisher. "It has had about an hour and a half's start. The trouble is whether they've gone up or down the stream."

"I overheard them say that they were going down. They're bound for New York, and consequently they'll have to go down to reach the Hudson. So you'd better chase in that direction along the river road. You're bound to head the sloop long before it can reach the Hudson. If they catch sight of you, and there's little doubt but they'll keep a sharp lookout for pursuit, they will run into one of the many little creeks along the stream and remain in hiding until night. Under these circumstances I think I'd better follow the stream on this side on foot and look into all the creeks as I come to them. It will be quite a tramp, but I'm determined to do my best to overhaul those rascals. I owe them a personal grudge, you know, because they stole everything I possessed in the world when I left Rockdale Center some months ago, and it would give me all the satisfaction in the world to be the cause of landing them in the State prison, where they belong. Will you let me have your revolver, Mr. Fisher?"

"Certainly, Frank; but I'm afraid if you should be so fortunate as to spot the scoundrels the three of them would be too much for you, even if you have the revolver."

"Don't you worry about me, Mr. Fisher," said Frank, with an air of resolution. "I will look after myself."

"You've been up all night, too, which will make the job you're going to undertake so much harder."

"I'm no chicken. It isn't the first time I've gone to work after being up the greater part of the night before."

"Well, you've shown yourself to be a plucky fellow. I guess you'll come out all right. Here's



my gun. You held those chaps up once before, when they had weapons. I hardly think they've got any now. Don't let them trap you if you should come up with them. I think you'd better stop in at the Sharp farm on your road and persuade Sharp's hired man to accompany you."

"I'll do it," replied Frank. "I'm not going to take any more chances than are necessary. Well, we've only losing time talking here. You've got some distance to go to strike the river road, while I have only to follow the stream from this point. Keep your ears wide open for a revolver shot. If I locate the scamps I'll fire one or two shots as a signal if I don't think it inadvisable."

With those words Frank set off down the stream, while the constable hurried to their wagon, and drove off towards Shadowbrook at a breakneck pace, to take the road on the other side of the river. After half an hour's tramp Frank reached the Sharp farm.

He went over to the house and the hired girl answered his knock on the kitchen door.

"Can I see Mr. Sharp?" asked Frank.

The girl shook her head.

"Mr. Sharp went to Buffalo yesterday morning and will not be back till tomorrow," she said, eyeing the well-dressed boy, whom she did not know, curiously.

"Then I would like to see your hired man."

"He went to Glendale half an hour ago," she replied.

"All right. Then I'll have to get along without him. Whose farm adjoins this?"

"Mr. Davenport's."

"Where is his house situated?"

"About a mile and a half from here, near the road," and she waved her arm in the direction that the farmhouse lay.

Frank decided that it was too far to tramp over from the stream, so, thanking the girl, he returned to the little river and continued his course. His watch told him that it was seven o'clock. The sun was shining brightly and the sky was clear, save for a few fleecy clouds. The river gradually widened out as he proceeded, but owing to the curves he could at no time see more than a quarter of a mile ahead. He did not expect to catch sight of the sloop for some time, if it was out on the stream, for the wind, while not strong, was favorable to the craft. Frank was so interested in his quest for the rascals that he did not feel any fatigue, even after he had traversed a matter of ten miles.

He was strong and rugged, and accustomed to plenty of exercise. In a short time he struck a creek which barred his further progress. There were no means of crossing it near the river, and besides it was his intention to investigate the little stream to see whether the sloop had slipped in there for shelter, for now that it was broad daylight the rascals would understand that to continue their flight by the river was to expose themselves to considerable danger. The creek only ran up a short distance and there was no place of concealment in it for craft of any kind. Frank waded it a quarter of a mile from the river and then kept on his way. The boy occasionally watched the opposite shore for some signs of the constables in the wagon, but as the road did not always run near the river, they

might easily have distanced him without the fact coming to his knowledge. His watch was on the stroke of nine when he struck another and wider creek. It led into the heart of a big farm. The ground rose up on either side of it, forming bluffs about twenty feet high. These gradually sloped downward as Frank followed its course, and then its sides became lined with trees.

"This would be a fine place for those fellows to seek shelter," thought the boy, as he noticed the secluded nature of the creek. "They could lie low here all day, especially on a Sunday, and no one would be the wiser of their presence. I must keep my eyes open. The sloop may be up here somewhere."

As Frank pushed his way among the trees he suddenly made out the stern of a small vessel, then the open cockpit, and then the single mast sprouting from the roof of a small cabin, the door of which was pushed open to its fullest extent. The boom lay almost directly fore and aft, and the sail hung around it unfurled, just as it had been lowered.

"By George! I believe that's the craft I'm after," exclaimed the boy, excitedly. "If it is the rascals must be in the cabin, for I don't see a sign of them."

As he uttered the words he was suddenly pounced upon from behind, and at the same time he received a blow from a fist in the head. The blow, however, was not very effective, owing to the fact that he had sprung to one side the moment he felt himself grabbed. With great agility he squirmed free and turned around to face his assailants. He was not surprised to find that he was up against the three rascals, who had been watching in the wood and observed his approach. The next moment they jumped at him and a desperate struggle ensued.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—Frank Turns the Tables On His Captors.

Three against one, especially three such burly rascals as Jim Brady, Bill Ewing and Jude Goff, was overwhelming odds for Frank Fairfax to cope with successfully. The result was he was soon overcome and at their mercy.

"It's you, is it, you derved young monkey!" gritted Brady, as they held him helpless on his back. "Been followin' us, eh?" Thought maybe you'd catch us off our guard? We cut our eye-teeth long ago, young feller. I s'pose it was you who trapped us in the mill? Sure you had us dead, wasn't yer?" he grinned malevolently. "Well, the boot is on the other leg now, and I reckon we'll make yer wish yer hadn't butted into our business before we're through with yer. I've a great mind to throttle yer and pitch yer into the creek. You turned the trick on us once, but it's our game this time. It was all on your account we spent three months in the work-house, and we're goin' to pay yer for it. First, we'll help ourselves to what yer've got about yer."

The speaker yanked Frank's elegant watch out of his vest pocket. He was surprised at its evident value.

"Yer must have been makin' money since we cleaned yer out down by Rockdale Center. That's a swell ticker for a boy like you. Go through



his clothes, Jude, and see how they're lined. He ought to have money."

Frank, however, had less than a dollar in change, and the ruffians were disappointed.

"Go aboard the sloop and get a rope, Bill, so we can tie him up."

Ewing got some thin rope and Frank's arms were soon secured behind his back. Then they gagged him by tying a handkerchief across his mouth.

"Take him into the cabin and leave him," said Brady, who was clearly the boss of the party.

Goff and Ewing raised the boy between them and carried him aboard the small sloop. They dropped him on the cabin floor with little ceremony and then left, closing the slide after them.

"My, but this is fierce!" breathed Frank, after he had been left by himself. "To think I should have been caught off my guard so easily. They were evidently hanging about among the trees on the lookout, and they got on to me when I came along. Then they jumped me and here I am, like a pig in a poke. I wonder what they intend doing with me? I don't like the way that Brady chap spoke. He eyed me in a mighty bad way. You never can tell just what fellows of his stamp will do when they take a notion. They owe me a grudge for getting them pinched, and if my evidence had been a bit stronger they probably would have gone to the State prison instead of the workhouse. They know they only escaped their just deserts by the skin of their teeth, and I haven't any doubt but they lay their trouble all to me, not to their own crookedness. I may be in it right up to my neck for all I know."

A couple of hours passed on leaden wings before Frank saw the ruffians again. Then they came into the cabin and, without paying the slightest attention to him, made a meal off crackers, cheese and dried beef, washing it down with some whisky they had left in a bottle, and which was the last of their supply. They hung around the cabin all the afternoon, smoking and sleeping, one of them, however, being constantly on the watch out among the trees. Nothing turned up to cause them any alarm, and they were well satisfied with the outlook.

As the hours passed away and nightfall approached, Frank, in spite of his anxiety over his prospects became ravenously hungry. He had eaten nothing since eleven o'clock the night before at the farmhouse party, and that was not much better than a light meal. However, he had to grin and bear the gnawings of his stomach, for there seemed to be small chance that the crooks would give him anything to eat. As soon as it began to grow dark the rascals worked the sloop down the creek to the river by hauling her sternward with a rope. Then they got aboard, hoisted the mainsail and jib and started down the stream. They did not know any too much about sailing the craft, but had managed very well that morning in the light wind. Darkness and the stiff breeze that was now blowing, coupled with the narrowness of the river, involved them in difficulties that culminated in the sloop going ashore and grounding so hard that they couldn't get her off. They were now in a very ticklish situation and made the air blue with their imprecations, just as if that would help them out

of their trouble. Had they understood about the rise and fall of tides they would soon have found out that it was low water then in the river. That in the course of three hours probably the sloop would float of her own accord, and they would then be able to proceed on their way.

Not being aware of that fact they arrived at the conclusion, as soon as they were satisfied that their best efforts would not dislodge the boat, that the sloop was aground for good as far as they were concerned, and so the prospects of getting away with the whole of their booty looked very slim indeed to them. Frank, as he lay on the cabin floor, felt the sloop ground, and when he understood from the talk and confusion of the rascals that the boat appeared to be hard and fast he began to take hope. He had long since succeeded in working his hands loose, and only waited for a good chance to make a break for liberty. When he saw that his captors were busily engaged at the bow of the boat, up to their knees in water, trying in vain to shove the sloop off, he shook himself free of his bonds, tore the gag from his mouth, and crept out into the cockpit. Recollecting that Jim Brady, who had taken the constable's revolver from his pocket, had laid it on one of the lockers in the cabin, he went back and got it. After listening to the movements of the men, and their shocking expletives, he crawled over the stern of the sloop and let himself down into the water, which was hardly up to his waist. Then, having made up his mind that the situation called for strenuous measures, he crouched down in the water, revolver in hand, and waited to see what the rascals would do next. They presently boarded the sloop and held a consultation about what they should do to get off with their plunder. Frank listened to their talk, and laughed to himself when he saw that they seemed to be at their wit's end. Finally Jim Brady said:

"We'll have to sort the stuff over, pick out the most valuable, fill three bags with as much as we can comfortably carry, and let the rest go. There ain't no other way of doin' that I kin see even if we argue the matter all night."

"It's a shame to leave a lot of valuable swag behind, but I suppose there hain't no other way to do," said Jude Goff.

The matter being thus determined, the three men entered the cabin to make the selection of the booty they intended to carry away. It immediately occurred to Frank that here was a chance to trap them in the cabin by closing the slide, if there was any way of securing it. He determined to take the chance, and if it failed he could hold them in the place at the point of his revolver. If they tried to get out he would fire at the first who made the attempt, and he believed that the situation justified him in proceeding to that extent, much as he objected to shedding human blood.

As Frank crawled into the cockpit, Brady flashed a match in order to light the lantern that hung from a nail in the bulkhead. Even by the uncertain gleam of the match the rascals at once noticed that their prisoner was gone. This discovery carried consternation to their minds. How did he manage to escape, and how long had he been gone? Certainly the only chance he had had was while they were out of



the boat, and fifteen minutes would cover that time. He could not have gotten very far away then. But, even so, they could not hope to recapture him in the darkness of the night. He was gone and therefore it behooved them to get away themselves with the utmost speed, before he could bring a sufficient force back to capture them. That's the way they argued the matter after they recovered from their surprise and rage. While they were talking the matter over, and Brady was lighting the lantern, Frank had ascertained that the sliding door could be fastened by a hasp and staple, and Frank guessed they would have the job of their lives trying to force it unless they found some heavy implement in the cabin to aid them.

#### CHAPTER XV.—How Frank Became Famous.

Frank felt satisfied now that he had the rascals where he wanted them, and that the stolen property would soon be restored to its owners. He had slept the greater part of the afternoon, in spite of his uncomfortable position, for he was tired out, and when he was awakened by the sloop getting under way, he felt quite bright once more. Consequently all that bothered him now was the emptiness of his stomach, but there was no remedy for that at present, and Frank was full of the grit that carries the man of force and stamina through all difficulties and discouragements.

He made up his mind that he probably would have to mount guard over his prisoners all night, since the boat had grounded at a lonesome reach of the river where even a pistol shot was not likely to attract particular attention.

"I wonder where Constable Fisher and his men are?" he asked himself. "No doubt they drove down the road much further than this vicinity. As they missed the sloop during daylight, it is likely they are watching for her when she slips down in the darkness. They'll have their watch for nothing, for this craft seems to be a fixture, and unless the tide rises high enough to float her, she'll stay here until she's got off by somebody who knows how to do the job."

In the meantime the men were working hard in the cabin sorting out their spoils. If they casually noticed that the door was shut the fact did not arouse their suspicions, as all their attention was engrossed with the work in hand. It was when they were ready to abandon the boat, twenty minutes later, that Jim Brady, who started first, discovered that they were caged.

Frank heard the sliding door rattle and knew that matters had reached a focus. Brady began to swear like a trooper and pounded fiercely on the panel. Then he threw his body at it in an effort to force it, but the effort was vain. After that he kicked it vigorously, without effect. The rascals realized that they had been locked up, and they at once jumped to the natural conclusion that their late prisoner had worked the trick on them. To be made the victims of a mere boy was gall and wormwood to them. They raged about the cabin, and tried to find some implement with which to force the door, but they were disappointed. There wasn't a thing that was of any avail for the purpose. Then it was that Brady thought of the revolver, and when he found it

was gone he was more furious than ever. The three attacked the door together, trying by their united strength to make an impression on it, but they could not work effectively owing to the smallness of the panel. Finally they had to give the job up, for a while, at any rate. Brady called out to Frank, whom he supposed was outside. He tried to bribe the boy, and when the young clerk made no answer he resorted to threats.

Frank listened in absolute silence. He saw no use in holding any parley with them. He was master of the situation, and meant to remain so. Thus an hour passed away and then the crooks assaulted the door with renewed vigor. They grew more desperate each moment, but their desperation did not change the situation any. As time passed the tide rose under the sloop, lifting her by degrees, until when it reached its highest point the craft floated free, and the wind catching the mainsail, she began to sail off into the river in a wobbly fashion.

Frank was not a boatman, but he knew that he must do something to keep the sloop from grounding on the shore again. He grabbed the tiller and moved it at random. The result was the boat came about, the boom swung over in the opposite direction, and she was soon headed up the river the way she had come, under a light breeze. If it hadn't been light, and things hadn't worked right of their own accord, the sloop would either have capsized or gone ashore on the opposite bank of the stream.

However, but for the luck that follows some people in this world, Frank would soon have run himself into trouble. As the sloop drew near a bend of the river where she surely must have grounded in the darkness, the moon suddenly came out, and Frank was enabled to avoid that misfortune by altering the boat's course.

Gradually he got confidence in the job he had been obliged to tackle, and soon he found it a matter of no great difficulty to keep pretty nearly in the center of the stream. The men in the cabin found out by the motion of the sloop that she was under way, and they renewed their efforts to force the door, but without the least success. They finally had to throw up their hands and admit that they were in the soup. The clouds which had obscured the sky during the early part of the evening dispersed and allowed the moon full sway and this was a great boon to the plucky boy who was finishing an adventure that for preserverance, nerve and endurance made him famous throughout the county when the facts were published by the Glendale "Record" on Tuesday morning, and copied by every other journal in the county, and by half the papers of the State, including one big New York daily.

And now to go back a few hours.

When Mr. Packard got up that Sunday morning and looked out of his window into the yard he was surprised to see his horse Napoleon standing, with his saddle on, rubbing his nose against the barn door.

"What can that mean?" he asked himself. "Frank would not leave the animal out all night in that fashion. Something must have happened to the boy."

To make sure about the matter he went to Frank's room and found that he was not there.



nor was the bed disturbed. Clearly Frank had not been in the house all night, though the storekeeper knew that the party his clerk had attended was to break up at midnight. Mr. Packard got into his clothes with more than his customary despatch, and went into the yard. There was nothing about the horse that gave a clue to the mystery that puzzled him, so he mounted him and started for the farmhouse where the party had been held, keeping a bright lookout along the road for the boy he was after. Of course he saw no signs of Frank, and when he reached the farmhouse he was informed that the lad had left for home shortly after midnight. The people were surprised to learn that Frank had not got home, but the horse had. Mr. Packard then hurried back to Shadowbrook and went to Constable Fisher's house. While he was waiting to be admitted one of Mr. Montgomery's servants came up in a state of great excitement with the startling news that the banker's home had been burglarized in much the same way that Squire Leach's residence had been cleaned out. Then both the storekeeper and the servant were told by Mrs. Fisher that her husband had been aroused about four o'clock by Frank Fairfax, who brought some intelligence about the crooks who had robbed the squire's home, and that the constable had gone off with him. The news of the robbery at the Montgomery mansion flew like wildfire through the village, and created considerable consternation. Mr. Montgomery telephoned to Glendale the information of the burglary, and asked that detectives be detailed on the case at once. Before the two officers despatched for that service reached Shadowbrook it was known throughout the village that Constable Fisher, three of his four deputies and Frank Fairfax were on the trail of the crooks.

So anxious was Mr. Montgomery to recover his family silver service that he offered \$2,000 reward to spur the officers on their quest. From what the constable's wife had said about Frank rousing her husband out of his bed before daylight, the impression prevailed throughout the village that the boy had in some way got a clue to the burglars, and all wondered how he had come by it. The day passed, however, and no word was received from any one on the job. About eleven o'clock that night, the Brown family, residing close to the bridge that spanned the upper reach of the river, where Frank had rescued Flora Montgomery after she had broken through the ice, were aroused by an insistent hammering on their front door. Brown, in a state of dishabille, opened his chamber window and inquired what was wanted.

"I'm Frank Fairfax. Get into your clothes and come downstairs. I've caught the three burglars who robbed the house of Squire Leach and Mr. Montgomery, and I've recovered all the stolen goods."

Mr. Brown was astonished, but he lost no time in dressing himself and coming downstairs to learn further particulars.

"Rouse up your hired man, and then fetch me something to eat. I haven't tasted a mouthful in twenty-four hours. Bring any old thing in the way of food and a jug of milk or water. I'm parched to death."

At Frank's request Mr. Brown despatched his

hired hand to Mr. Montgomery's residence to notify him of the state of affairs. The banker returned with him in his big sleigh, accompanied by two men servants. Frank told him his story in detail.

"Frank Fairfax, you are one boy in a thousand!" he said, enthusiastically. "You have accomplished what the united police force of Glendale and this village failed to do. Upon my word, you ought to be awarded a gold medal. However, you will receive the united rewards offered by me and Squire Leach, and I'll raise mine another thousand, for you richly deserve it."

All the stolen property was loaded on the banker's sleigh and carried to his house, where the squire recovered his portion next day. The burglars were locked in the cabin of the sloop again, and on the following morning were turned over to Constable Fisher, and subsequently taken to Glendale for trial. They were duly tried, convicted and sent to the State prison for a long term of years, and are still working out their sentences. Frank was now regarded as the most famous boy in Blank County, if not in the entire State, and his other plucky deeds sank into insignificance beside his exploit of capturing the three burglars single-handed and recovering the whole of the stolen property. Of course he received the two rewards, but the reputation he had made for himself was far more valuable than a dozen such rewards. In the early fall he began his studies at the Glendale Academy, and graduated with honors in two years. He then entered Cornell University. The night before he left Shadowbrook to begin his college career he called on Flora and her family. When the fair girl accompanied him out on the porch to say the final good-by, they stood together in the calm moonlight for some minutes without speaking.

"You'll miss me, Flora, won't you?" he said, with some emotion in his voice.

"Miss you, Frank?" faltered the girl. "Don't you know that I will?"

"Yes," he said, stealing his arm around her slender waist, "I feel sure that you will. And I will miss you more than I can tell. I hate to leave you for—well, what is the use of hiding my secret any longer? I love you, Flora—love you dearer than anything else in the world. May I hope that when I am ready to begin life in earnest you will consent to share that life with me? Will you, Flora?"

"Yes, Frank, I will, for I love you with all my heart."

He drew her to him and kissed her fondly.

"I came to Shadowbrook two years and a half ago a friendless, penniless boy," he said, "and the first hand lifted in my behalf was yours. But for your timely action that snowy evening my fate might have been far different than what it is. Now that you have acknowledged your love for me I am the happiest boy in all the world. Tonight I have all that I can desire—the heart of the girl I love, the friendship of her generous parents, and the respect and good will of every one in Shadowbrook, even Herbert Leach, my only one-time enemy."

Next week's issue will contain "A \$30,000 TIP; or, THE YOUNG WEASEL OF WALL STREET."



## BUCKSKIN BILL, THE COWBOY PRINCE

Or,

### The Rough Riders of the Ranch

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

#### CHAPTER XII—(Continued)

"Hey!" he suddenly roared.

Bill looked up at him.

"Stop!" continued the outlaw.

He held his knife against the lariat.

"If yer go one inch further," said he, "I will cut ther line an' yer body will soon be food fer ther prairie wolves an' vultures when yer fall into ther valley beneath yer."

The boy glanced down and shivered.

It was over fifty feet from where he hung to the level ground below, and he did not fancy falling that distance.

"Hold on, Flood!" he called out.

"Ah! Yer know me, do yer?"

"Certainly. Don't cut the line."

"I oughter, jist ter pay ther grudge I ownes yer."

"You're a fool! Cut away if you are bound to kill me. I can't stop you no matter what I say."

Flood laughed.

"I reckon I've got yer cornered!" he exclaimed.

"No question about it."

"Waal, yer kin jist come right up here, son, an' if yer don't, down yer'll go 'cause I'll gash ther line."

Bill was in despair.

He hesitated, not knowing which was the best of the two evils—to let him cut the line, or to go up and submit to being made a prisoner, to suffer torture later on.

It was a trying ordeal for the boy to be in. The bandit watched him narrowly.

"Waal," said he, "is it up or down?"

"I'll come up," reluctantly answered the boy.

"Very good! Ye've saved your own life. Come ahead."

Bill began to ascend, hand over hand, until at length he reached the top, and Flood grabbed him by the arms.

With one pull the villain landed him on the floor.

"Hey!" he yelled to his men, "come hyer! See wot I've got!"

There was a rush by the gang, and in a moment more they reached the spot and saw the young rancher.

"So that's who we heard you talking to, is it?" exclaimed one of them. "How did you catch him, Jim?"

Flood explained matters, and wound up by saying:

"Bring me a lariat, so's I can tie him up."

One of the men obeyed him, and Bill was bound hand and foot.

The boy laid there looking at them a moment

in silence and then he fixed a steady glance upon Flood and asked:

"What's your next move?"

"Anxious ter know are yer?"

"Of course I am."

"Waal!" hissed the villain, "it ain't no use fer me ter beat bout ther bush. You caused the death of some of my best men, and I'm a-goin' ter kill yer fer it."

"In what way?"

"Shootin's too easy fer you, young feller, but I reckon a tumble into a den of rattlesnakes might satisfy me an' ther boys, so yer kin count on thet as yer fate."

#### CHAPTER XIII.

##### Cast Into The Den Of Rattlesnakes.

"See hyer, kid," said Flood, "I want yer ter tell me jist how yer happened ter trail me ter this place."

"I have no objection," coolly answered the boy. "We formed a big party to put you out of business——"

"How many in yer gang?"

"About eighty. Well, Hank Sawkins and the rest at Colonel Briggs's ranch fell into our hands, and we trailed you to this place. You had vanished, and we failed to find where you had gone. We knew, of course, that you had not been able to leave the hill, so I deployed my men to completely surround it."

"An' then?"

"Well, pretty soon we captured a couple of your men——"

"An' they told you how they left here, I suppose?"

"Exactly. That's what started me off on a scouting trip to examine the cave. I was unlucky enough to get nabbed."

"An' all them men is surroundin' this hill now?"

"Yes, sir. They all know where you are, and the moment you show yourselves they are going to grab you."

"Seems ter me yer pretty honest about it."

"There's no use in lying. It won't do me any good. Of course I'll be missed. That means that a search for me will be started. If any harm befalls me, you can depend that whatever punishment they were intending to give you will be greatly increased. They know you have no grub, and mean to starve you out of your den. It won't be long before you will be compelled to fall into their hands."

"Indeed!" sneered the bandit. "Waal, I reckon we won't. Thar's a way out of here wot is very dangerous, but we kin risk it."

"All right," said Bill, "try it."

"We will when we git blamed good an' ready—see? But afore we goes you'll be dropped into a den of rattlers wot will make mighty short work of yer with their pizen."

"So you said before," was the cool reply.

"An', by thunder, we'll start in right now."

"Go ahead. I'm ready; you can't scare me."

"Thar's no scare about it," replied Flood, savagely. "You'll find out I'm no bluffer, young feller."



As he spoke he walked away and held a whispered conversation with his men, after which two of them walked up to Bill, lifted him upon his feet, and one of them exclaimed:

"Walk, or we'll drag you!"

"Is this my finish?" demanded Bill.

"We ain't answering no questions. It's your business to do exactly what we tell you, or you'll be sorry for it."

The young rancher lapsed into silence.

Every one of the gang stood quietly watching the boy as he was led across the cave to the edge of a deep, dark hole.

One of the outlaws stuck the end of a torch in a crack in the rock so its light went down into the opening.

From where he was Bill could see that the hole was about five feet wide and ten feet deep, the bottom being covered with jagged stones, and a break in one side showing a gloomy aperture.

With a sardonic grin on his face, Flood now joined the prisoner and, pointing down in the hole, he exclaimed:

"That hole is a den of rattlesnakes."

"I don't see any down there," answered Bill quietly.

"Of course not. They're hid among them thar stones, but when we drop yer down thar yer'll discover them mighty quick."

"You will pay dearly for this, Flood."

"Nobody but us will ever know what became of yer, an' I'm mighty sure our gang ain't a-goin' ter give themselves away."

"Don't you feel too sure?"

"Oh, well, when ther times comes I'll take my medicine like a man. Git ready fer a good dose of rattlesnake pizen."

"Fire away. I'm not afraid to die."

Flood made a motion to the two men holding the boy, and they lowered him into the hole and let him down.

It was only five feet that he went down, and the shock of alighting on the jagged stones tumbled him over.

As quick as a flash he began sawing his bonds on the edge of one of these flinty projections.

While so employed he suddenly was startled by hearing a peculiar buzzing sound close at hand and, glancing in the direction it came from, he saw the dark body of a four-foot snake come gliding out of a crevice and slip into another opening where it vanished from view.

"A rattler!" he muttered, sawing away at the bonds. "My fall down here has stirred them up a bit."

In a moment more several loud buzzing noises arose, and the stones became alive with sinuous, crawling bodies that began to glide in every direction.

"Ah, the rest of the family," Bill gasped.

He was tempted to rise and attack them with his boot heels, but upon second thought he continued to cut away at his bonds.

Casting a glance upward, he saw a half dozen heads around the rim of the hole, glaring down at him.

They were Flood and some of his men, who wanted to see the snakes attack him, and he yelled up at them:

"Just wait long enough and you'll see some fun down here."

"He's a cool hand," he heard Flood growl, admiringly.

Just then Bill's bonds parted with a snap and he leaped to his feet. He was just in time, too, for one of the serpents had coiled itself up and dashed at him the strength of its body.

The boy's movement caused it to fall short, and a warning rattle behind him caused him to glance back just in time to see a second snake in the act of striking at him.

He brought his boot-heel down on its head and crushed it to a pulp. The whole bed of the den was now swarming with them.

"By jingo, it seems only a question of minutes now when one of them will bury its fangs in me," thought the boy, as he whirled around and glared at the dark aperture behind him.

He fancied he saw a dull light in the opening.

A roar of laughter now escaped the gang above, for they thought he was dodging about to escape the snakes, and Flood shouted in derisive tones:

"Yer can't keep away from 'em long now, Buckskin Bill."

"I hope you are enjoying yourselves," answered the boy.

"You bet we are. Hop around lively now, and——"

Bang! went a revolver in Bill's hand just then, and a wild howl of agony escaped Flood as the ball caught him.

Every head disappeared from the edge of the hole then, for they were amazed over his freedom and feared he would perforate their heads.

The shot seemed to scare the snakes, too, for with a quick movement they all began to disappear in the crevices.

Bill had hardly observed this when one of the men above accidentally struck the fire-brand, and it fell flaming into the pit.

It gave the boy a thrill of joy, for he knew that snakes have an intense horror of fire, and that this brand would scare them away.

He left it burning on the ground a moment.

A second glance at the aperture behind him showed the young cowboy that it was a sort of wide fissure.

Seizing the torch, he crawled into it.

And he was just in time to escape death, for several of the bandits had aimed their pistols down in the hole and fired a volley.

Bill could hear the bullets striking the stones behind him as he crept ahead into the fissure, holding the torch before him.

This place, too, was alive with snakes.

But they hissed, rattled and flew before the fire-brand, and he found that he could stand upright after advancing a few yards.

Then the boy arose.

As he did so he felt a sudden shock in one foot.

At a glance he saw that a big rattler had darted forward and buried its fangs in his boot.

He felt no pain, but was not sure that the poison fangs had not penetrated his flesh and given him a fatal dose.

"Get away from there," he shouted, and he struck at it with the torch. The snake fled, but the blow put out the light. Without the torch he knew the reptiles would swarm all over him, and as he stood there in the gloom he could not repress a shudder of horror.

(To be continued.)



## GOOD READING

## THE "DARK DAY" IN 1780

The so-called "dark day" was May 19, 1780. Beginning suddenly at 10 in the morning of that day, which fell on Friday, an extraordinary darkness enveloped all the New England States. The sun was blotted out as if by a local eclipse without a corona showing. The chickens went to roost, the birds flew to their nests and the cattle went to their stalls. So complete was the darkness that pedestrians were unable to make their way about the streets without lighted fagots. This condition continued until moonlight, no stars or moon being visible. The belief that the earth was doomed to destruction spread far and wide. Heavy thunder crashed from dense massed banks of clouds, without any accompanying lightning, and a thick, gummy black rain fell.

## SEEK SUBSTANTIAL DOLLAR BILLS.

Intensive studies to find out how to make the \$1 bills last longer are being conducted jointly by the Bureau of Efficiency and the Bureau of Standards. The Government manufactures twenty carloads of these bills a year, but, due to the quality of the material now used, they were out sooner than the experts think they should, and must be replaced.

The paper used is made from rags, about 75 per cent. linen and 25 per cent. cotton; but as the rag supply is under constant strain, experiments are being carried on to see if the Government cannot employ other bases, such as wood pulp, manila hemp, an African grass called esparta, ramie and Kansas wheat straw.

Hardships which paper undergoes at the Bureau of Printing and Engraving are being studied. Veteran printers declare the paper gets "tired" under the process it constantly goes through while being made into money. It must be wetted, printed, dried, wetted again, printed on the other side, artificially dried again, printed again, and counted a hundred times. The printers say it should be allowed to rest, to cure and to age between these processes.

The bureau has its own papermaking machine, which can produce paper from various materials. It has machines for testing papers, that fold them until they break and count the number of folds; that rub them until a hole comes and record the endurance, and that pull strips of paper in two and measure their strength.

## GIANT CABLE FOR CITY'S POWER

The New York Edison Company announces that it has placed with the General Electric Company an order for a new underground power cable line to connect its generating stations in the Bronx, New York City. It will be operated at 132,000 volts.

This is twice the voltage of the greatest power-carrying cable at the present time and four times the voltage of the greatest power-carry cable in this country two years ago. It will be three inches in diameter and will run in concrete ducts four or five feet below the ground. It will cost approximately \$2,500,000.

"The man in the street," said the statement, "may get some idea of the importance of this accomplishment when he knows that the Fire Department of the city relies on New York Edison service for the pumping of water, and that any interruption in this service during a fire which would lower the pressure of the water available for the Fire Department would impose a penalty of \$400 a minute on the company for the entire period during which the water pressure was inadequate.

"Up to two years ago the highest pressures used in underground cables in America did not exceed 33,000 volts. In that year the New York Edison and its allied companies placed in service a new type of cable operating at 45,000 volts. Recently another company installed a 66,000 volt underground cable, which is at present the most powerful line of its kind used commercially. While in the minds of some engineers there is still doubt about the practicability of using such high pressures in underground cables, the New York Edison Company, by ordering a cable of twice the present maximum pressure, has placed in the field of everyday practical affairs an electrical accomplishment which heretofore has been confined to the realm of imaginative literature.

"The engineering achievement involved in the installation of a 132,000-volt cable underground becomes apparent when it is known that to transmit power at such high voltage overhead would require the construction of steel towers of windmill construction, each the height of a seven-story building, at intervals of 600 feet on the streets of the Bronx.

"It would be necessary to build at the top of these towers great cross-arms carrying strings of nine or ten porcelain insulator disks, each string about six feet long and supporting a single wire, and there would be six such overhead wires. In place of this avenue of bulky steel structures, the new cable, which with its insulation will be only three inches diameter, will be placed in concrete ducts four or five feet below the surface of the ground, and the passes-by will not even know it is there.

"The cable to be used for this purpose is known as the Pirelli type, patent rights on which were recently secured by the General Electric Company from the internationally famous Italian electrical firm of that name, and embodies in its construction the latest inventions in design of underground cables for very high pressure.

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## FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 25, 1925

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## ITEMS OF INTEREST

## GUM FOR GERMANY

American chewing gum is going to help Germany pay her reparations. To meet the European demand for this country's chief recreational product a factory is to be established at Frankfort, Germany, by American interests. Germany, through its tax on such commodities, will reap a share of the profits from the enterprise. Two things induce the starting of a gum factory there; the high import taxes levied on chicle here and the increasing demand throughout Europe for chewing gum, which has been popular ever since it was introduced by the American military and naval forces.

## TURKEY TO ISSUE NEW STAMPS

Work will soon be begun on the new Republican postage stamps of Turkey, which an English firm is to manufacture. It is planned to make the new stamps an artistic contribution to philately. The designs will show a portrait of the present president of the Republic, Ghazy Kemal Pasha; a view of the valley of Izil Irmak and pictures of the old Fortress of Angora, the famous white wolf of Turkey and different historic events of the country.

The new issue of stamps will be solely designed by Turkish artists. Foreign artists and designers are strictly excluded from the competition.

## STEAL SAFE AND \$36,000

Thieves jimmied a window, entered the home of Albert Sobey on Syracuse avenue, Syracuse, N. Y., and carried away a small safe containing about \$36,000 in cash, jewelry and securities.

Mr. and Mrs. Sobey and family had been absent but an hour while they motored to a friend's home, returning at 12:30 o'clock. A large automobile was seen to drive slowly up and down the street shortly before the robbery was reported, but no description could be obtained of the occupants.

The loot consisted of \$800 in cash, \$5,000 in diamonds and \$30,000 in foreign bonds and securities.

## HAS LONGEST LOCOMOTIVE

The longest railroad locomotive in the world, the result of much experimenting by the Ford Motor Company, is ready for a test run. It is electrically driven and has power to pull a train one and a half miles long. It has an over-all length of 117 feet, equivalent to a train of three freight cars.

The new locomotive was taken from the Highland Park plant to the River Rouge yards of the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton July 15 and is being groomed for a trial run. The test is expected to be made before the end of the month.

The locomotive is of heavy steel construction, weighing 372 tons. A maximum of 5,000 horsepower is always available and the maximum speed will be about thirty-five miles an hour, the unit being designed especially for heavy freight service. It is the first locomotive to be built for operation with high volts taken directly from the line.

## LAUGHS

"So young Biffens married beneath him, did he?" "Yes; the girl lived on the first floor of the same apartment house."

Employer—want more pay? Why, I only hired you last week! Office Boy—Yes, but it costs me more to live now! I used to let my mother cut my hair 'fore I got this job.

Doctor Busler—How is your practice? Doctor Grassler—First-rate; it couldn't be better. I had more than twelve hundred patients last year, and didn't lose a single cent.

Mother—Tommy Wilkins is the worst boy in school, Arthur, and I want you to keep as far from him as possible. Arthur—I do, ma—he stays at the head of the class all the time."

Peck—I'm surprised that you should lose your self-control, Maria. That's something you never saw me do. Mrs. Peck—You lost control of yourself the day I married you. Now hold your tongue.

"I'm thinking of touring in South Africa next season," remarked a tragedy actor. "Take my advice and don't!" replied the comedian. "An ostrich egg weighs from two to three pounds."

Mother—Sometimes there are rude boys in Sunday school who giggle and smile at little girls, and sometimes little girls smile back at htm, but I hope my little girl does not behave like that. Small Daughter—No, indeed, mamma; I always put out my tongue at 'em.

"Oh, yes, my husband is an enthusiastic archaeologist," said Mrs. Smith. "And I never knew it until yesterday. I found in his desk some queer-looking tickets with the inscription 'Mud-horse, 8 to 1.' And when I asked him what they were, he said they were relics of a lost race. Isn't that interesting?"



## CURRENT NEWS

## SING SING REBELS WHEN NEGRO IS APPOINTED PRISON GUARD

After Sing Sing officials had appointed Harry N. Quarles, of Brooklyn, as guard for the penitentiary, they learned on his arrival at Ossining that he was a negro. Race feeling promptly spread among the prisoners, who let it be known that they could not expect to be satisfied with the arrangement.

Warden Lewis E. Lawes consulted the civil service list and found Quarles listed among the eligible men, with no reference to color. After a consultation it was decided that having been summoned from his home, 510 Classon avenue, Brooklyn, Quarles would be given a job, but not that of keeper. He was appointed night watchman outside the prison walls.

## NOTICE OF SALARY RAISE RECEIVED 30 YEARS LATE

Notification that he had been granted a substantial advance in salary failed to arouse Sheriff Peter Gunn, of Edmonton, Alta., to any unusual pitch of enthusiasm—not that he did not appreciate the liberality of his employe, but rather due to the fact that he will never reap the fruit of the "increase."

The notice of his salary raise came to the sheriff in a letter from the north country written nearly thirty years ago. By some trick of fate the letter had gone astray.

It was dated January 6, 1896, and was written by Ewen MacDonald, at that time manager of the Peace River district for the Hudson's Bay Company. Gunn, then comparatively young, was employed at the company's post at Lesser Slave Lake.

The hardy Scotchman, MacDonald, long since dead, informs Mr. Gunn in the letter that his "services have been highly satisfactory," and that as a result he has been awarded a "magnificent" increase in English pounds sterling. Just how much the "magnificent" increase amounted to Mr. Gunn declined to divulge, but it caused the sheriff to chuckle.

## NEGRO SAVES DAY

Hamilton Rucker has left the Library of Congress after 45 years of service. This old negro was one of the most trusted employees in the library and his career was of such interest that now, upon his retirement, he is settling down to write his memoirs.

His application for the library job was indorsed by "Uncle Joe" Cannon and Judge David Davis of the Supreme Court. When he began work, in charge of bound newspaper volumes, the Library of Congress was situated in a few spare rooms on an upper floor of the Capitol. He has lived through its growth into its present monumental home with its millions of volumes.

Probably the brightest spot in his long recollection was his search for lost copyright notes which, in absentmindedness, Dr. Ainsworth Spofford, the librarian, had misplaced. One year, in making up his annual report, Dr. Spofford found

he was several thousand dollars short in his accounts. Copyright collections would not tally and the company that bonded the old doctor had to make up the loss. Congress, against all tradition, simply made Spofford assistant librarian for life and appointed another man with better book-keeping ability as chief.

Rucker thereupon started to hunt out the lost money. He kept finding it, a few hundred dollars here, a thousand there, tucked away in forgotten corners, under papers or between books, where Dr. Spofford had placed it thoughtlessly. He salvaged one package of notes worth \$2,800 from behind "Ten Nights in a Barroom." When that night he returned it to the librarian the old gentleman fainted dead away with delight.

Eventually all the money was found and Dr. Spofford's integrity was entirely cleared.

## GIANT ANIMAL BONES FOUND IN FAR WEST

Two prehistoric skeletons, more than 80 feet in length, recently were uncovered near Hoquiam, Wash., by workmen in a railroad cut. The Rev. J. Herbert Geoghegan of this city, who examined the find, pronounced the bones those of dinosaurs, ichthosaurs or pterodactyls.

The skeletons were imbedded in 40 to 60 feet of limestone deposit and were partly petrified. The railroad excavation cut through the animals' ribs, which could be seen extending for a distance of several feet in parallel lines.

No skull was found, but a long tearing tooth discovered among the debris was taken as indicating that the animals were carnivorous. The ribs vary from three to 12 inches in thickness, while a portion of a shoulder blade is four feet long and five inches thick. Knee joints and other bones discovered vary in size from several feet to only a few inches in circumference.

"The character of the rock indicates that it was once sea or river bottom, which through a fault had been overturned," said Mr. Geoghegan. "The layers of strata have been up-ended, leaving the animals lying in an unnatural position."

"The upheaval which placed the bones on the top of a high hill probably took place at the time the Cascade range was formed."

"The animal was a vertebrate, and probably stood 40 feet high, counting the long expanse of neck found. The classification of the bones could be determined more exactly if we could locate the skull of one of the beasts."

"This entire country appears to have been tropical or subtropical in character, and the absence of rocks and gravel proves that the glacier which covered the northern part of the continent at one time, never touched this section."

"From the character of the soil, either river or ocean bottom, I am inclined to believe the animals were ichthosaurs, or maritime reptiles, rather than the dinosaur, land reptile, or pterodactyl."



## FROM ALL POINTS

## BEAT DOGS TO DEATH

Three valuable bird dogs, beaten to death with a baseball bat, were avenged by Recorder Dawson of Bloomfield, N. J., when he fined Albert Nagy the maximum penalty of \$100 and costs. In imposing the fine, Rawson said he had never heard of a more brutal case of cruelty to animals.

Nagy's wife received a suspended sentence and decision was reserved in the case of Wallace Riper, charged with turning the dogs over to Nagy for killing.

## SAVES BOY FROM SEA, BUT IS ROBBED OF \$200

Walter B. Power of Monclair, N. J., plunged sixty feet from the deck of a steamship to rescue a drowning boy, but was robbed of \$200 while engaged in his heroic act.

Power, who is well known in the summer colony at Digby, N. S., was aboard the *City of Boston* on Aug. 2 when the cry "Man overboard" startled the passengers two hours out of New York. Hearing a woman scream that her son had toppled from the deck, Power snatched off his coat and shoes and dived into the sea.

For more than twenty minutes he battled the waves with the young boy in his arms while waiting for a small boat from the vessel. The two were rescued but when Power picked up his coat he found that all his money had been taken.

News of the theft, which has stirred much feeling in the summer colony, came through Charles P. Power, an uncle, who related the incident. Young Power had kept the details quiet.

## AN INDIAN GRAVEYARD UNDER BEAN PATCH

An ancient Indian graveyard, believed to antedate the California mission period, was discovered recently near Purissima mission in the Santa Ynez valley near Santa Barbara, Calif., by Don Meadows and Ray Gruwell, Orange, Calif., research workers. A number of prehistoric specimens, including several Indian skeletons, skulls, beads and arrowheads, were obtained.

The burial plot, once a "happy hunting ground" of the bronzed warrior of the West, was situated in the center of what was a large bean patch, which, up to the time of the discovery, completely obliterated all traces of the important find.

According to Meadows, they dug through three different layers of graves, each from three to four feet in depth. It is possible that there are other graves below, he said.

The braves were buried in a sitting posture with the knees crooked beneath the chin. Of forty skeletons which were unearthed, every one was found facing the west—toward the setting sun.

Above each grave, as a sort of partition between it and the one above, was found a limestone slab, several inches thick.

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## GET RID OF WOODCHUCKS

Rockland County farmers are among those of forty New York counties who have been killing woodchucks by wholesale. Calcium cyanide has been placed in the woodchucks' dens.

M. D. Pirnie of the Agricultural College and M. A. Stewart of the United States Biological Survey have been holding demonstration meetings in the counties of the State interested in getting rid of woodchucks.

In many of the dens woodchucks were found dead within two or three feet of the entrance, and the vast majority of holes were unopened. Tests made at some of the meetings show that only three to five minutes' use of the gas is necessary to kill them.

It is imperative to use the utmost care in handling this deadly gas, Mr. Pirnie cautions. It should always be used in dry weather, as it is liberated too rapidly for the safety of the user when the ground is wet. Cans of calcium cyanide should never be opened in a closed room, he says, or stored where the gas or fumes could be confined in any one place.

An ordinary tablespoonful of the cyanide dumped far into each den with a long-handled spoon is one of the best ways of using it.

# PIMPLES

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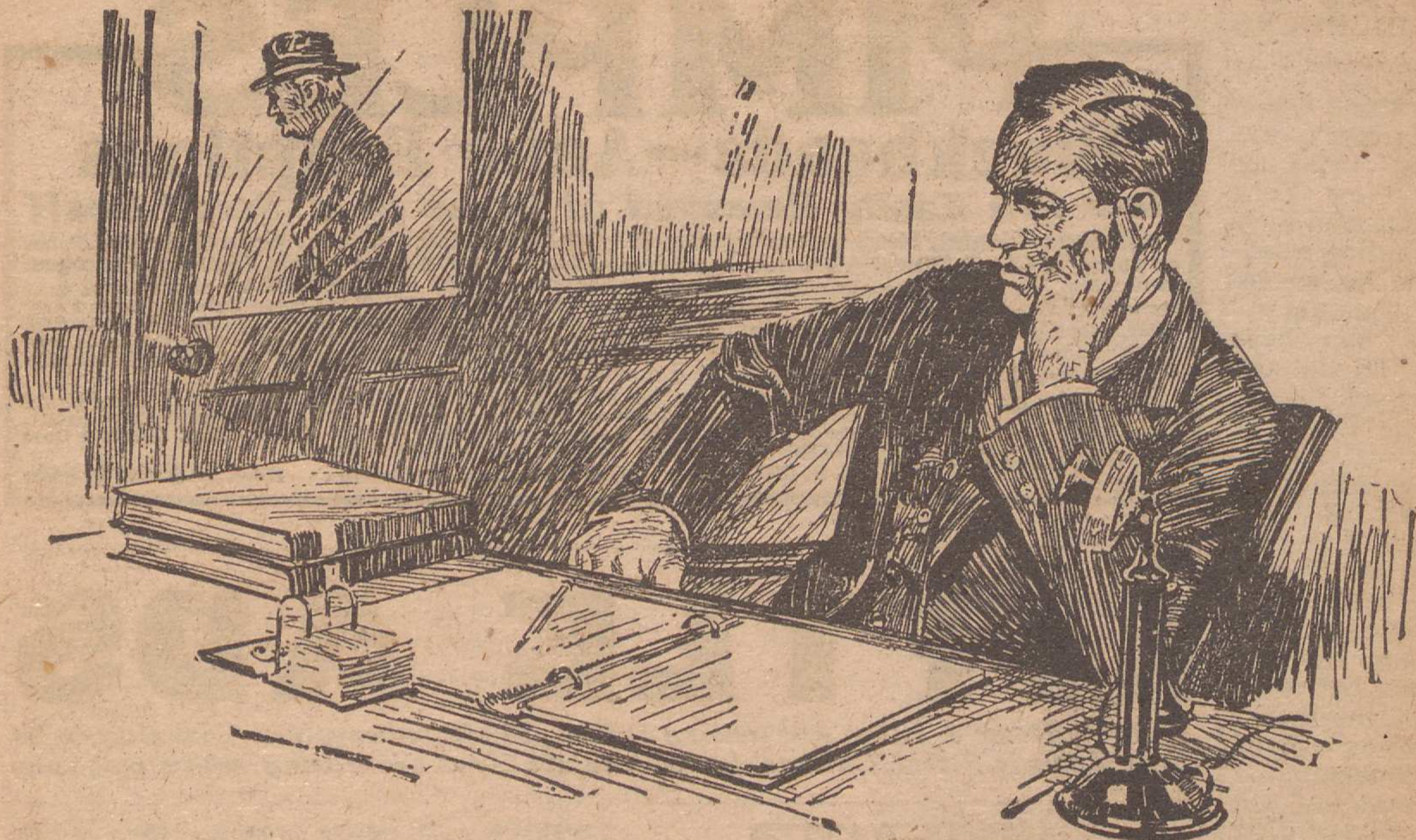
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